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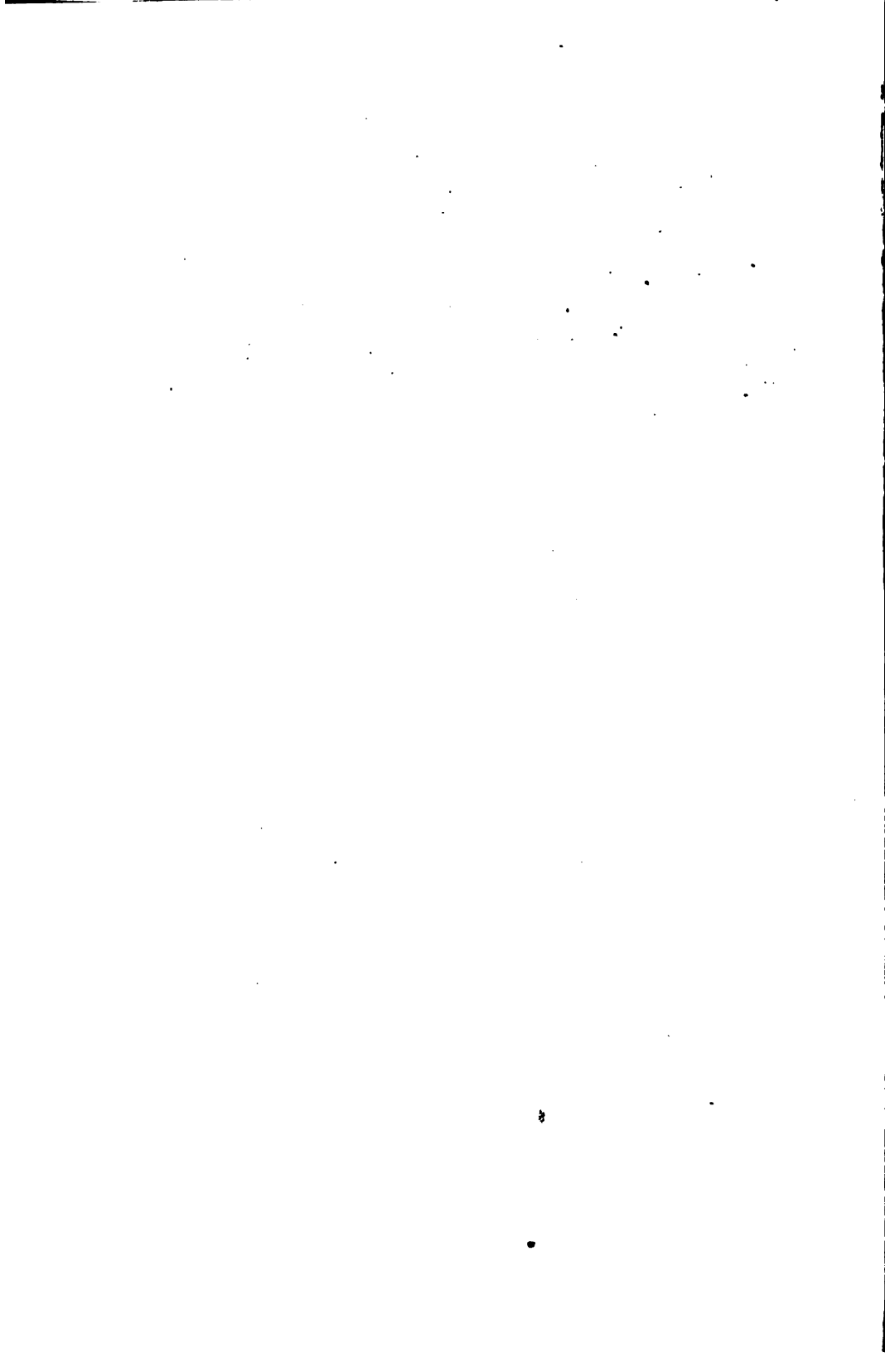
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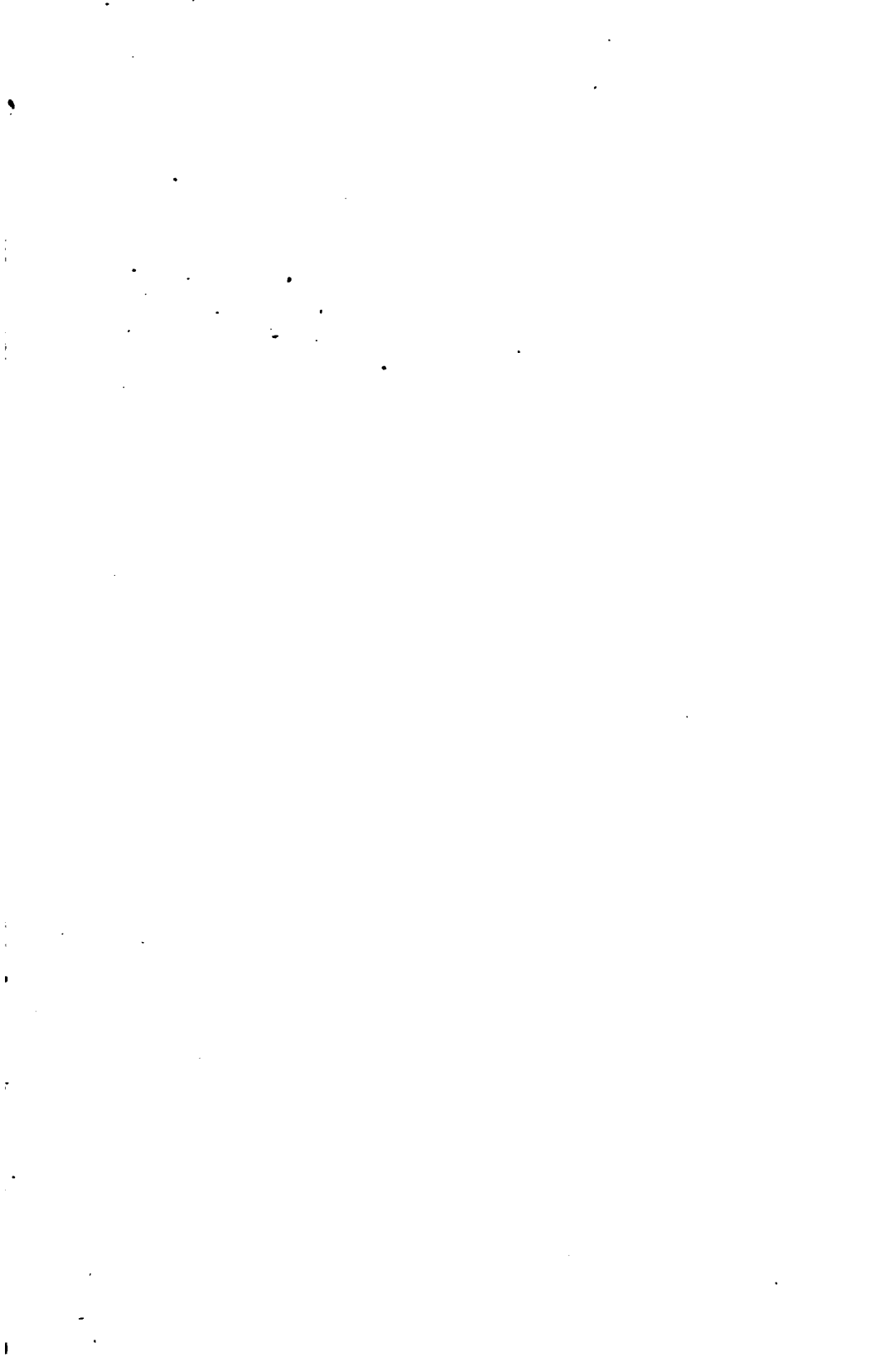
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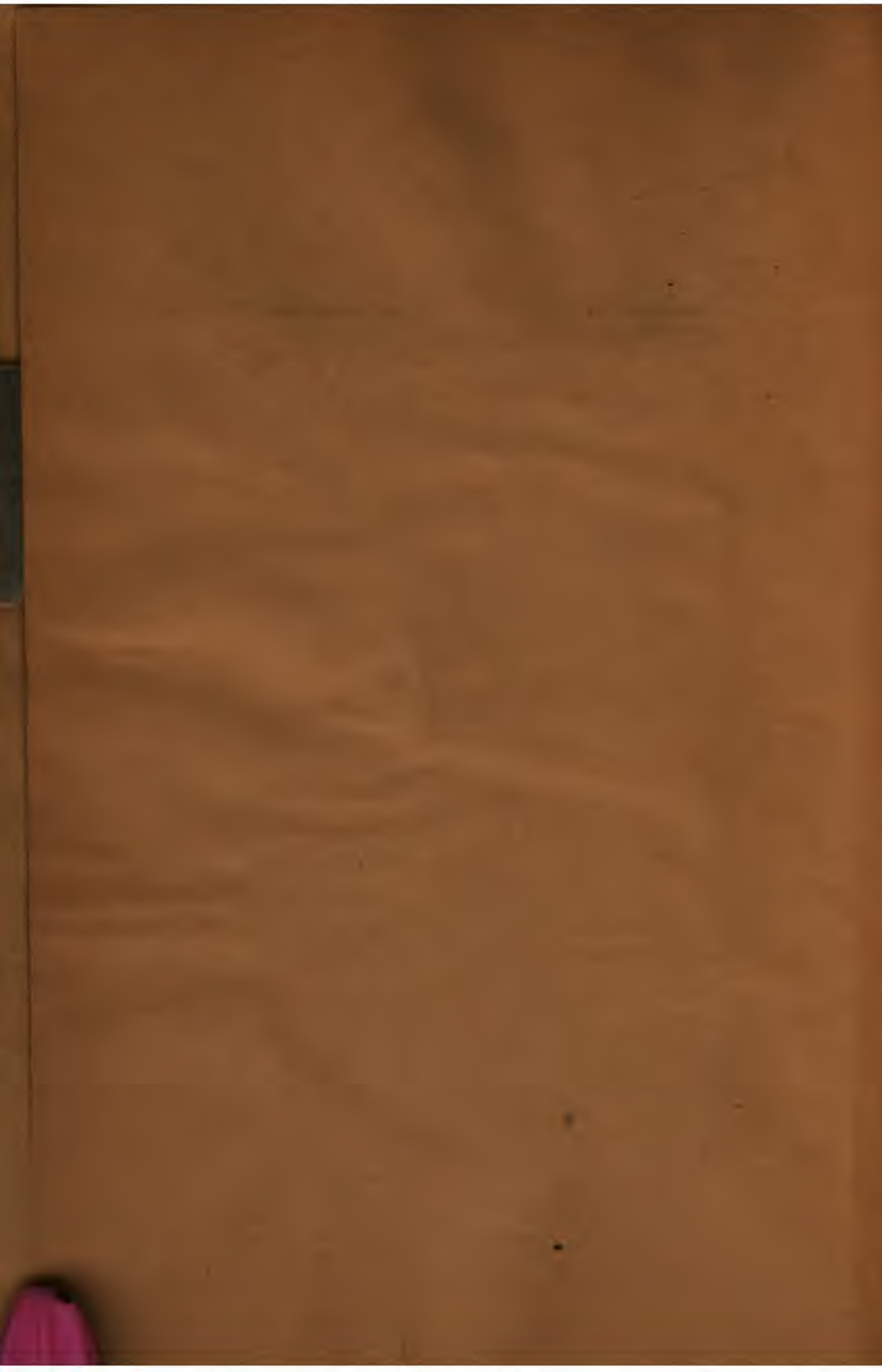
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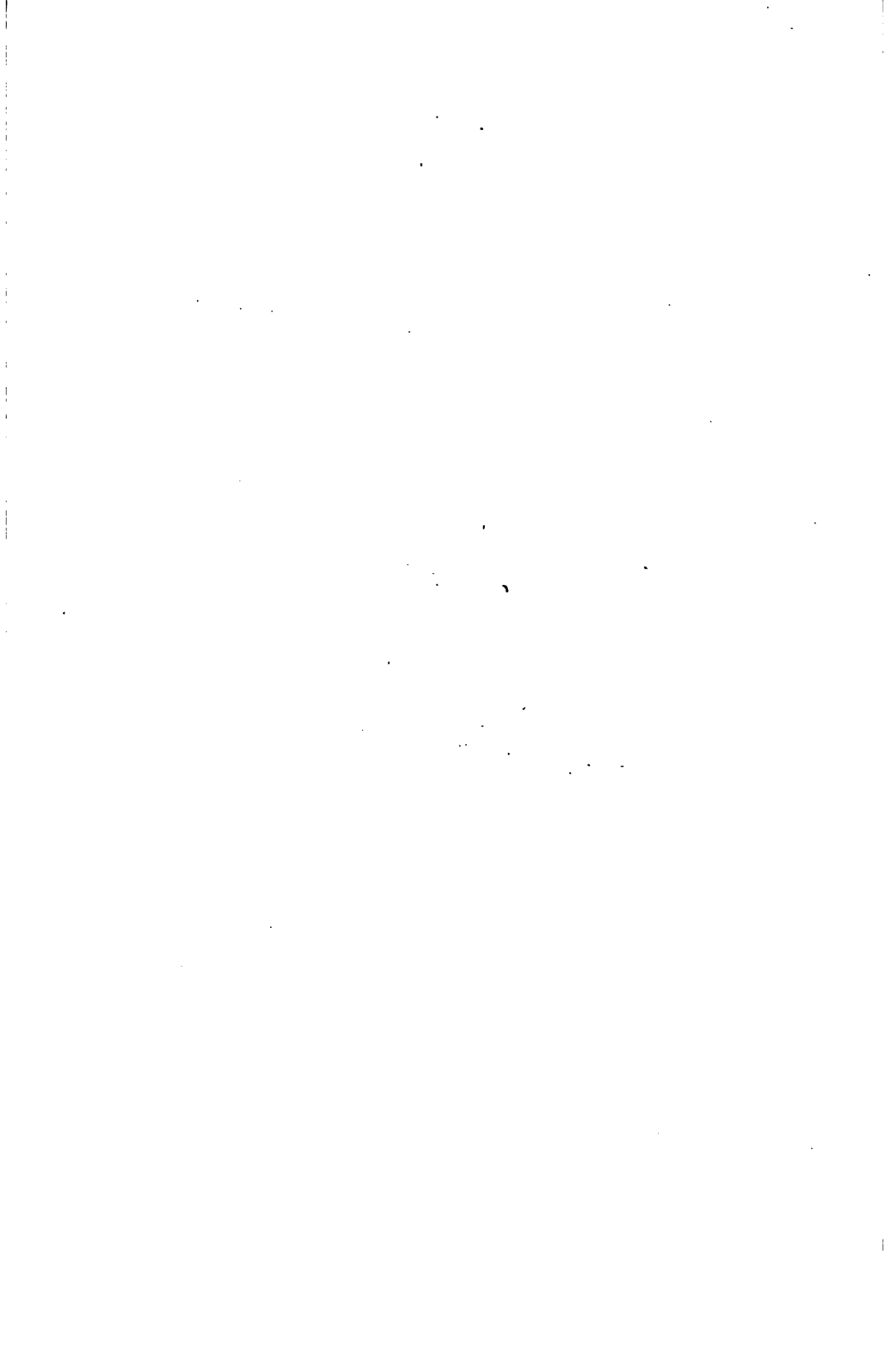
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THE JUNGFRAU

Afoot and Awheel In Europe

BY
MRS. MARY S. LOCKWOOD



*Colored Frontispiece
and
Sixteen Half-tones*

GARDEN CITY NEW YORK
THE COUNTRY LIFE PRESS
1916

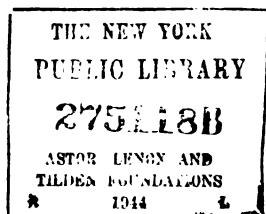
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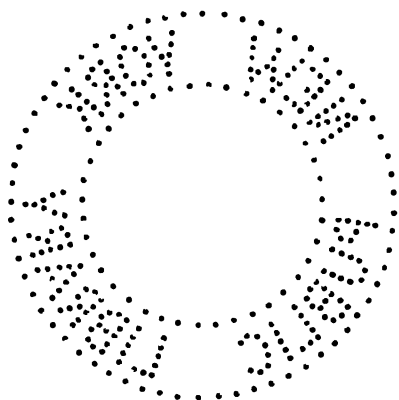
PREFACE

IT was May, 1910, the year of the Passion Play at Oberammergau, that found a quartette of expectant travellers, of whom the writer of this chronicle was one, on the deck of the steamer *Celtic* in New York Harbor, ready to sail over seas. Some shadows they had left behind them: some solace and much joy they hoped to find among the new scenes of the Old World—a hope, the record of whose fulfilment is told in the pages of this book.

The good-byes had been said, the quartette hastened to their staterooms, made themselves busy arranging their tokens of love and friendship that loving friends had sent to the ship with their good-byes, so as not to see the fading forms of the loved ones left behind, and the good ship left her moorings and made her way out to sea.

The days passed as most days do on shipboard, watching the changing lights and shadows that played over the deep blue sea, noting the peaceful rise and fall of the horizon, veritably being rocked in the cradle of the deep.

Between the sunlight, shadows, and sea there came a restfulness of the spirit that followed us through our seven months' travels in Europe, and also on our homeward course, until our hearts leaped for joy when our eyes fell upon Old Glory in New York Harbor.



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I R E L A N D

AFOOT AND AWHEEL IN EUROPE

IRELAND

IT WAS a crisp morning, May 8, 1910, that the *Cedric's* engines stopped their vibrations. We were in Queenstown Harbor—2:30 A. M. The transfer was easily made to the lighter, and after an hour's ride up the harbor we were landed at Queens-town. It was four o'clock, but as light as day. After a scrutiny of all our "kits, cats, sacks, and dogs" by the customs master, we walked to the Queen's Hotel, a few rods away, for breakfast. We must needs wait until ten o'clock for a train for Cork.

Queenstown was the point where Queen Victoria touched her foot to land in Ireland; this was on her visit in 1849; since that time the Cove of Cork has been known as Queenstown. The town has a magnificent situation, facing one of the most beautiful harbors in the world, surrounded by picturesque scenery. It is built on walled terraces, which look like the Palisades; they surely are unique, and look everlasting.

We walked up the hill to the Cathedral of the Diocese of Cloyne, a very imposing structure, around which

the town rises, tier upon tier; these streets are lined with beautiful villas and old mansions, which were the first objects to open our eyes to the other side of old Ireland.

Our train pulled out on the minute—our first experience in the old-world compartment car. The small pocket engine gives one signal only, a sweetly subdued, lady-like little whistle, and we are moving beside lordly estates. The first things that strike the eye are the stone walls stretching out for miles, vine-covered and thrown into high lights by the golden gorse and wall flower in full blossom, taking the place of the sunlight, which seemed to be spasmodic in Ireland.

Before we had reached Cork we had solved the mystery of the name "Green Isle." Its green fields and blossoming meadows were a delight to the eye.

At eleven o'clock we were comfortably settled in our rooms at the Imperial Hotel; at two o'clock we had really entered the rôle of a tourist in Ireland: we were being tucked into a jaunting car for Blarney Castle by the "Head Waiter," which name was neatly embroidered on the lapel of his coat. His royal highness while tucking the robe snugly around me remarked in blarney fashion: "I must tuck you in well, for good people are scarce." "Oh, yes," I answered, "that is why I came to Cork." He beamed and touched his foretop, and "I have only started for Blarney Castle." Our ride in a jaunting car in Cork was the realization

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of an anticipated pleasure, but far beyond our expectation as to comfort and ease.

BLARNEY CASTLE

Our eight-mile drive was a delight as we wound our way over the beautiful roads along the River Lee into the enchanting grounds that surround Blarney Castle, a region of meadowland, woodland, and stream, the meadows bright with blossoms. We made our way up to the castle, every stone bearing the mark of the centuries; we ascended the famous donjon tower, climbed a hundred and twenty-eight narrow stone steps to the top; but we drew the line at kissing the talismanic Blarney Stone, for reasons best known to those who are on the spot. The term "Blarney" is supposed to have originated in the dealings of Elizabeth's government with the then Lord of Blarney, a figure of speech meaning "smooth, meaningless, flattering Irish speech," designed to put a person or audience in good humor. This stone forms the sill of one of the battlements of the castle and was injured during a siege in Cromwell's time, and was clamped with iron to secure the parapet above. It has been immortalized by Father Prout (Rev. Francis Mahony):

"There is a stone, that whoever kisses,
Oh, he never misses to grow eloquent.

A clever spouter he'll turn out, or
An out-and-outer to be let alone."

The view from the top of the castle is superb, and we looked upon the same scenes that have enchanted the lords of creation since the days of Dermot McCarthy, King of South Munster.

On our return we were taken through many of the principal streets and alleys, wide and narrow, in the city of Cork. We were greatly impressed with the cleanliness and the comfortable, good-looking homes. In every sense, Cork was a surprise. The business houses were solid, finely proportioned buildings on firm foundations; stone walls, stone underpinnings, stone houses everywhere; nothing looked slipshod or neglected. We surely must look further for the down-trodden of old Ireland.

We alighted at St. Ann's Church, built in 1722, which, as is well known, is remarkable for its Campanile tower, containing the historic bells, and we had the pleasure of listening to the ringing of the "Bells of Shandon that sound so grand on the pleasant waters of the River Lee." The old sexton, who looked to be contemporary with the early church, was full of apologies (this was May 9th) that "the late turn up" (meaning the death of King Edward) would prevent his playing the "Bells of Shandon." We agreed it was a sad "turn up," but he said he could play a hymn on all but the one "dead bell"—the dead bell he tolled every half-hour for thirty seconds from twelve to nine o'clock until May 20th, the days of official mourning. We

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acquiesced in the old sexton's offer, for it seemed to us a hymn was most appropriate to play on church chimes, and really supposed that that was what we were there for; but the old sexton's regret was that he could not play Father Prout's "Bells of Shandon," with which we had been familiar from childhood.

In the morning G. and I wandered through the market; in the outer space we found women here and there keeping vigil, making a sale, when they could, of little piles of cast-off clothing, old rags, shoes, pots, and kettles that were in their last days; it was difficult to conceive who would be the purchasers and for what purpose. We came up to one woman, wrinkled beyond her years, with her little pile of nothings for sale. She began to tell us of her grief over the death of the King. "Had it not been for good King Edward—'God bless his name'—we should not have had the seventy years' pension, for to the old in Ireland as lives in the lanes and alleys, he was the good man who thought of them with a pension of five shillings a week, which means comfort and plenty in their old age; now I fear all will be changed, and I wants a year of being seventy, more's the pity, for I would have had my five shillings a week and no worry for shelter or food. Now, I'm just sixty-nine and our good King is dead! He was the one who thought of us and methinks felt sorry for us. I know," she went on, "a shoemaker and his wife who now draw their ten shillings a week—a shilling pays for their

room, a sixpence for their heat, and they have the rest for food and clothes, and they are happy, thanks be to the Lord and the King." "And will be," said G., "if they do not spend it for drink." "Yes," said the market vender with a twinkle in her eye, "an' sure, sir, some of 'em has to be in the fashion!" G. slipped a piece of silver into her hand, and we told her their new King was a good man and the new Queen Mary was a good woman, and all the women had her to look to. "Thanks be to the Good Lord, a good woman can do wonders," said she, and a sweet smile came into her pleasant blue eyes. G. slipped a piece of money into a baby's hand who had not yet learned its meaning, but was being carried in the arms of its mother as she parcelled out her little nothings for sale. We bade good-bye to our new acquaintance in the corn market of Cork, hoping that when she reaches seventy she will be remembered by the new King, for surely her faith in all good legislation is in the King!

As we walked on in a misty rain, we noticed numberless happy-faced children who were being watched over by their mothers at their daily tasks. Beside us was running a little five-year-old boy with cheeks so red you were tempted to try your handkerchief to see if it would not rub off; he would look into our faces and smile, but ask or make a sign for money—not he. G. could not withstand the pleasure of slipping a bit into his hand; the joy on his face is pleasant to remember and



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leaves a bright spot in our memory of the market at Cork.

GLENGARIFF

May 11th we took the train at noon for Bantry, en route to Glengariff, one of the fascinating spots of Ireland; which will in coming time be the tourists' delight. It is situated on Bantry Bay. When we arrived at Bantry the steamers had not yet begun to cross the lake. We took a coach and four, drove around the lake—a most delightful two hours' drive—every turn of the wheels bringing us to some new fascinating view. Roches' hotel was our destination: here every modern comfort was found. In front of us was beautiful land-locked Glengariff Bay, with woods down to the water's edge; across the bay rose lofty rocky mountains in broken and irregular outlines, but in interesting contrast to the verdant valley in front of us, and the wondrously beautiful glen which abounds in evergreens and flowering shrubs: the yew, the holly, the arbutus, the rhododendron, the graceful mountain ash, and the rushing waterfalls; the bay with its numerous and varied islands, some rocky, others fringed with eternal green, and beautiful bypaths that lead into loneliness and silence. The ruin of the old Cromwell bridge is in sight which tells its tale of woe for Ireland in the days grown hoary. The walk or ride to the beautiful shooting lodge of Lord Bantry and many excursions of inter-

est filled the days of our stay at beautiful Glengariff with charm.

KILLARNEY

We left Glengariff for Killarney on the first motor tourist car that ever ran over the Prince of Wales Route, the road winding through glens and lofty mountain solitudes. Our escort was one member of the English firm of manufacturers of the electric motors to be used on this route. We wound our way through the hills, which gradually put on the aspect of mountains; the scenery grew grander, wilder, more forbidding, yet entrancing. Up, up, we climbed until the little sprinkle that fell upon us as we entered the coach at Glengariff became a heavy shower; the clouds gathered in the mountain fastnesses, the rugged, ragged mountains were draped in mist and fog. A wild charm fell over the scene, then followed the sharp, jerky lightning, sometimes from clouds overhead and then from those beneath us, accompanied by roaring thunder, reverberating from peak to peak, rolling down the battlements, gorge answering gorge until lost in the depths below. At last we came to pretty little Kenmore, looking so peaceful, so restful, after our wild ride, an experience we liked for once, but would not have it repeated were we consulted.

Kenmore is one of the rest places provided by the Southern Railway Company; it has a lovely landscape,

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enchancing water and mountain view, but we hurried on to Parknasella, evidently intended as one of the show resorts of the railroad. A half-hour of rest and tea and toast in a most charming hotel came as a solace to travellers who had had somewhat of a strenuous ride over the mountains.

From Parknasella we had one more range to cross; the highest mountain, Quartantala, is in this range. When we had reached the top our expert chauffeur carefully began to drop down the mountain, every five rods a turn, but every turn a new scene of surprise, until we struck the first Lake of Killarney. Down, down we dropped—beautiful trees, and flowers, and lovely mountain views—until we came to Middle Lake. We were leaving mountains behind us, but there were more in front of us, and at our side was Mancerton Carrantaal, one of the highest, which carries on its height the “Devil’s Punch Bowl.” They all seemed so near, and had almost become our friends, in this wild, weird, Rip Van Winkle mountain ride. At last we landed on the Lower Lake at beautiful, restful Lake House, Killarney. We had seen the Lakes of Killarney in all their picturesque setting! The bosom of the lakes is covered with islands; the mountains that surround them are covered with luxuriant verdure and shrubbery in variety of coloring; there is a tender grace of bush and tree and water set in this framework of hills and mountains; one moment the mist covering

AFOOT AND AWHEEL IN EUROPE

them with a velvety sheen hiding their bold faces, and while you look they peep out at you again in the clear sunshine. The wild deer that have ventured to the margin of the lake to drink hear your acclamations and leap back into the arbutus thicket—and so the days pass at the Lakes of Killarney.

One of the many excursions is up the hill by the side of the River Loe. You come to the celebrated “Kate Kearney cottage.” She was a famous beauty, celebrated in song:

“Oh, should you ever meet this Kate Kearney
Who lives on the banks of Killarney,
Beware of her smile, for many a wile
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.”

There are some sombre-looking cabins with small patches of cultivated ground here and there. The village of Killarney is not large, but is well built; every street is lined with the inevitable stone walls covered with greenery and decorated with large shade trees.

THE PATRON OR CROSS-ROADS DANCE

I told my companions that I had heard of the Sunday cross-roads dance. We inquired of our driver, and were told that “it had not as yet begun for the summer,” but the next night, Saturday, word was sent to us that

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the first dance of the season would begin the next day at four o'clock, at the cross-roads four miles away. We drove up into the hills, and found the lads and lassies gathering; we could see them coming from all directions. At the cross-roads a platform fifty feet long had been laid at the side of the road on the hill. Sixteen couples took their places for the first "jig," formed like our quadrille. The music was an accordion, but so deftly played that you felt like marking time yourself. We soon saw by the perfect time, step, and poetry of motion of the dancers why their winter evenings had been spent in practising for the summer's recreation. We were told that this was all they had. We were forcibly impressed with the earnest, kind faces of the young men, and the joyous light in the faces of the girls. With studied precision, but with ease and grace, they went through the varied changes. We asked our driver the name of the festival, which lasts all summer, every Sunday from four o'clock in the evening until bedtime. He said it was called the "Pat Turn" dance. I said that it must mean the "pat" of the foot, and the "turn" of the heel, for I can still hear the gentle marking of time by the pat of the foot and see the graceful turns on the heel, but we learned the real name was Patron, meaning "cross-roads dance."

G. bought out the orange vender for the dancers and tipped the musicians, and when we drove down the hill after a delightful hour it was amid the waving of hand-

AFOOT AND AWHEEL IN EUROPE

kerchiefs and clapping of hands by the merry dancers as long as we were in sight.

LIMERICK

Our ride from Killarney to Limerick was through more or less fertile fields. We began to see the result of the new law: that a majority of tenants on a domain can by vote compel the lord of each domain to divide into severalty such portions as the tenants wish to purchase. In many cases the government steps in and at the request of the owner of such plots puts up a well-appointed house of concrete, sanitary and comfortable, at one shilling per week rent. All the way to Limerick we looked in vain for the pigstys and huts of the peasantry; the only reminder was a postal card where Bridget is carrying a squealing pig in her arms and saying "he gives her more trouble than all her ten children." Here and there are well-kept kitchen gardens, every row of lettuce, peas, beans, etc., drawn to a line, and not a weed in sight.

We found ourselves settled in the old capital of western Ireland, which is situated on the historic Shannon River. I will say in passing, if the traveller wants an American cup of coffee he will find it, with all the breakfast accompaniments, at the Royal Hotel. We made an early start the next morning for our object-lesson in the study of historic old Limerick.

It will be remembered that it was first known as a

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Danish city, as it was first plundered by the Danes in 812, and was made one of their principal maritime stations, and they surrounded it with walls and towers. For nearly a hundred years they held sway, until Brian Boru assumed control over Munster and expelled the Danes from Scattery Island and reduced Limerick. Turlogh, King of Munster, received homage here and made Limerick the seat of royalty in 1106. From this time it continued to be the seat of royalty, the residence of kings of North Munster, until the conquest by the English; but the invasions, the withdrawals of native princes, was carried on for years—sometimes held by one side and then by the other. It seems to have been like the rest of Ireland: dissensions within and wars without. In 1195 the English again gained possession of the city. There is still standing a strong fortress erected by King John. Edward Bruce was joined by his brother King Robert Bruce in the spring of 1316, ravaging as they went, dragging to destruction the Norman power in Ireland.

During the reign of Elizabeth, Limerick is described as a place substantially built with walls extending around a circuit of nine miles. Many of these ruins are still visible, even to the wall where the English made their entrance into the city—that part of Limerick known as the English City.

The great episode in the history of Limerick took place during the wars of William and James, when

AFOOT AND AWHEEL IN EUROPE

events occurred that fastened on it the name of the city of the "violated treaty." This treaty was ratified October 3, 1691, and signed on a large stone or boulder near Thomond bridge, within sight of both armies. The ninth article of this treaty, which provided that the Catholics should enjoy the same privileges of their religion as they enjoyed in the reign of Charles II, was not ratified by Parliament.

After the French invasion it was found that the entire city was a scene of desolation and misery. In 1760 Limerick was declared to be no longer a fortress, and the dismantling of defences was begun.

The Shannon rolls through the heart of the city, and is crossed by five stone bridges; the streets are broad and well paved. The famous "treaty stone" is at the west end of Thomond bridge. Opposite the cathedral is the monument of the Great Sarsfield, erected in 1881. King John's Castle is one of the finest Norman fortresses in the kingdom and looks as though the tooth of time had made no impression upon it or the towers; but that cannot be said of any other structure on the English side. The high, massive stone walls of these immense old structures are being razed, and the old town seems to be little else than a stone quarry for the newer city of Limerick.

We left Limerick with the impression that had been gaining on us daily by her broken battlements, ruined towers and castles visible everywhere, that this has

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been the stamping ground for conflict through the ages. And yet, who is there that does not admire the Irish love for freedom and of the "Green Isle?" We can in spirit know what Fanny Parnell carried in her heart when she wrote "After Death":

"Oh, the tramp of feet victorious

I should hear them mid the shamrocks and the mosses,
And my heart should toss within the shroud as a captive tosses.

.

Let me join with you, the jubilant procession,

Let me chant with you her story;

Then, contented I shall go back to the shamrocks,

Now my eyes have seen her glory!"

With Boucicault we would say, "This is a chord in the old harp which every Irishman wears in his breast twanged to a minor key."

We left Limerick, her contented looking people; her red-cheeked, happy-faced children, for Dublin, still in search of the downtrodden of Ireland!

DUBLIN

A pleasant four hours' ride from Limerick brought us to Dublin, and to the well-appointed Shelbourne Hotel, facing Stephen's Green Park. Before the day was over we had driven around Phoenix Park, as our driver said, "a park with a blot on it," for here Lord Cavendish, the Chief Secretary, and Mr. Burke, Under Secretary, were

assassinated May 8, 1882. In the long drive we passed through the most attractive streets, long stretches of lawn, flower displays with some trees, but nothing of special note in scenery or surroundings; we also drove by the viceregal residence, the summer home of the Lord Lieutenant, now the home of Lady and Lord Aberdeen, the home and domain of the Chief Secretary, and we saw that Dublin had a spacious, beautiful breathing spot, where children and those of older growth could drink in God's sunshine.

We spent some time at the National Museum, and were especially interested in the Irish antiquities, also in the Tara Brooch and other gold ornaments of early Christian times. The brooch is of exquisite workmanship, and if naught else is left of Tara Hall except the hill on which it stood, this one relic tells the story of the past.

The Bank of Dublin came in for its share of our time. Formerly it was Parliament House, the room or chamber of the House of Lords remaining just as it was when the Lords sat around the long table in council; not a picture, not a chair, has been changed. But what a change since the days when Ireland sat in her own council!

The charm of one day was our visit to the marvellous library of the University of Dublin, where the gracious attendant showed us the "Book of Kells," considered one of the most wonderful books in the world. It is twelve hundred years old; the coloring of the marvellous



THE BOOK OF KELLS

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illuminations and the hand printing have not faded. This book covers the four Gospels, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. This alone tells the story of the work of the monks of Tara Hill: not one stone is left upon another to mark the spot of the old monastery wherein dwelt the master illuminators. Here, too, we saw the "Harp that hung in Tara's Hall," but no Tara Hall exists to-day except in song and story, but a silver thread reaches back through time from this old harp and the "Book of Kells," and we have but to touch a button when the silent messages they bring up from a forgotten past opens the floodgates of memory, and we wish we might wander through the magic halls and silent cloisters just for a day. So much has come to us of old Ireland through its love songs and its romances, and we walk the old land overfilled with the spirit of its past, and we love it.

There are two charming drives the traveller should not miss. One of these we took by boarding the train and riding to Kingstown; from there we took a jaunting car to Brag. This is the most ideal drive to be found in Ireland. It was our first view of the Irish Sea; six vessels of the fleet lay at anchor—had come into port to be present at the funeral ceremonies of King Edward. How quickly my mind went back to the scattered fleet of the Armada as they made their escape up the coast of Ireland. What changes have come over the Green Isle! For eight miles one rides on a cliff road above

the sea, every turn a new vision of delight, and on into the fascinating scenery of Wicklow County.

The other trip is to the Hill of Howth, due north but along the coast in view of the beautiful harbor. The fascinating violet-blue water, the little island in the harbor with its mountain rift, which is known as the "Ireland's Eye," the wonderful views to be seen in the walks around the point, the attractive little hotel and the enjoyable little lunch, have left living pictures in our mind of our day at the Hill of Howth. The old castle, the invariable accompaniment of Irish scenery, was not yet open to visitors.

The public buildings of Dublin are of great architectural beauty. Its clean streets are a delight. Its squares are interesting as containing the monuments erected commemorative of her great men. Especially interesting is the Nelson Pillar, and the monument to Father Mathew, the "Apostle of Temperance," by Miss Redmond.

Many of the homes in the older parts of the city, once the dwelling-places of rank and fashion, are now tenement houses. Edmund Burke was born at 12 Arran Street, Thomas Moore at 12 Aungier Street, Mrs. Jameson at 56 Golden Lane, Richard Brinsley Butler Sheridan at 12 Dorset Street, and the Duke of Wellington at 24 Upper Mission Street; Mrs. Hemans died at 21 Dawson Street, and so on along the line of great men and women the record is carefully kept.

IRELAND

We reluctantly bade good-bye to beautiful Dublin, for the Giant's Causeway lured us on.

GIANT'S CAUSEWAY

En route from Dublin we took in Belfast, the great seat of industry in Ireland, by its wealth and enterprise one of the old country's most interesting cities. The drives over the city and its beautiful surroundings are filled with interest. The wonderful shipbuilding plants, where some of the largest liners in the world are built; its numerous linen factories, whose fabrics are known throughout Christendom; its public buildings, art galleries, museums of antiquities, the theological colleges, and many educational establishments—these could not hold us for long, for we were bound for the world's great wonder, the Giant's Causeway.

We took the Midland Railway, through Antrim, Ballymena, Ballymoney, Drogheda, which brought us to the battlefield of the Boyne, where James and William contended, which ended in the "treaty of Limerick," of which we have written. This is in County Antrim, where the ancestors of President McKinley lived.

Portrush stands on the borderland to the Causeway. At last we had struck a spot with no history, as we are told its annals neither blur nor illumine the page of the historian. It is glory enough for this pretty little seaside resort that the traveller to the Causeway must first find his way to Portrush; there to change from the

railway to a tram. But in passing we must remind the reader that it was the birthplace of Dr. Adam Clarke, the distinguished Bible commentator and oriental scholar.

The electric tramway, opened in 1883, that runs to the Giant's Causeway eight miles away, was the first in the United Kingdom. En route we passed a lofty and curious formation of limestone in which the action of the waves had worn caves, peaks, wells, and fantastic shapes. Farther on we passed the gray walls of Dunleith Castle. It is told us that Thackeray sixty years ago said it looked "as if some old, old princess of old, old fairy times were dragon-guarded within," and we know that some of the guns of one of the ships of the Armada that was battered to pieces on this coast did duty in Dunleith Castle.

Up the little hill we climbed to Kane's Royal Hotel as the sun was shedding its good-night rays across the Atlantic. Before we retired arrangements were made for our guide and an early entrance to the inner circle of Nature's masterpiece. At eight o'clock we had breakfast and were on our winding way. It is a short walk before you enter the Causeway; seemingly you are walking over a regularly laid flagging of accurately cut stone. The beauty and order of arrangement of the pillars which form the pavement are the main attractions; they number about 40,000, from fifteen to eighteen inches in diameter; the majority of these pillars



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are six-sided; there are only three with nine sides, one with eight sides, and one with three sides. The old guide kindly took me by the hand and said:

"I will be the guide for your feet while your eyes can see the wonders!"

And so, he led, first to the Giant's well of sparkling water, of which we drank; then we could sit in the wishing chair and "our wish would come true." The chair is composed of pillars: one forms the seat, one on each side the arms, and another the back. These columns are in sections or in drums, one above another, not monoliths, and where they join, one is concave, the other convex, and so they exactly fit into each other, every little indentation having its counterpart; we were not much surprised when the guide told us that he once conducted two of the greatest scientists in Europe over the Causeway, one declaring that it must be the handiwork of man, the other affirming as strongly that it was alone the work of Dame Nature.

It derives its name from a popular tradition that it was erected by giants as a commencement of a causeway across the sea to Scotland. Yes, undoubtedly it was built by the giant forces of nature, and stands there as the most curious assemblage and the greatest enigma of basaltic columns in the world, in pleasing disorder like the ruins of temples or huge honeycombs. The causeway of basalt is said to be one of successive lava floors, but why here alone in all the world except for a

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scattering show on the Scotland side it should take this form of crystallization, echo answereth not.

Farther east we come to the "Giant's Organ," consisting of sixty columns, some forty feet high, yet of the same drum formation, and of the "Giant's Loom" set against the bank of rock, and the Giant's Amphitheatre, considered the most beautiful in the world, consisting of a series of ledges backed by columns of basalt about three hundred and fifty feet high. And then there is beautiful Pleaskin Head and Bengere Head, many of these columns 150 feet high, five feet broad, but not jointed like the others.

On our return we passed through the Giant's Gateway, which gives an excellent example of the basaltic formation. The ocean was beating a tattoo against the old Causeway, and to its soothing accents we walked back to our hotel, and were told by our faithful guide that we had walked six miles, but we were not fatigued. What better proof do we want that when the heart and soul are filled the body knows not weariness?

We took our train for Portrush and Larne, where we were to take the steamer across the Irish Sea to Ayr and fair Scotland. Our Irish holiday was almost over, so full of beautiful experiences that we would not have missed, and old Ireland stands out to-day in memory under a bright sky with the poetic charm that belongs to all mystery, and we shall not forget her if Scotland be forty times as fair.

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OUR trip across the Irish channel was calm and delightful. Landing at the little harbor, we took the train for Ayr, which we reached at 11:30 P. M. The early morning found us astir in the "Land of Burns." Our attention was first attracted to a statue of Burns on the village common, unveiled in 1891. The poet is represented as standing facing the place of his birth, two miles away, in an attitude of deep contemplation. We took a train for the "Banks and braes of Bonnie Doon." Not many rods south of the road is the "Auld Brig" crossing Doon's classic stream, along which Tam o' Shanter was pursued by the witches, his gray mare Meg leaving her tail in her final clutch on the Keystone. The date of the building of this bridge is uncertain, but it is of great age, its authentic history going back 500 years. It was to have been taken down when the new bridge was built in 1816, but sufficient money to preserve it was subscribed in response to the "Petition of the Auld Brig O' Doon in arrest of judgment." Burns gave this marvellous prophecy of the destiny of the new

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bridge, the poet imagining the two bridges having a colloquy.

“Conceited Gouk! puffed up with windy pride,
This many a year I’ve stood the wind and tide,
An’ tho’ wi crazy eild I’m sair for fain
I’ll be a brig—when ye’re a shapeless Cairn.”

The prophecy did not fail, for in years the searching waters of the Ayr loosened the foundations of the new bridge and by the aid of dynamite it became a shapeless cairn. A new bridge has now taken its place.

Near the Bridge o’ Doon is the monument, a graceful cenotaph, erected in 1820; in the interior is a marble bust of Burns. In a small building near this monument are the original far-famed figures of Tam o’ Shanter and Souter Johnny chiselled out of solid blocks of free-stone. On our return we passed the “Kirk of Alloway”; the inscription on the old bell is 1657; the woodwork long ago was removed and turned into fancy articles. In the churchyard near the gate is the grave of Burns’ father. The old sexton with much pride gave a call to his friends the robins, and one flew down from a tree and lighted on his arm. Nobody else can make them obey the call, but the old sexton through the years has made them not only neighbors but friends, and they sit on his arm and sing to him.

On our way we next came to the “Burns’ Cottage,” built by Williams Burns, Robert’s father, 1756. The

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house consists of two rooms. In the kitchen is the bed in which Burns was born, 1759. Adjoining these rooms is the barn, and under the same roof. William Burns sold the cottage in 1766 when Robert was seven years old. The cottage was afterward occupied as a public house and came to be known as Burns' Cottage. It has now become the mecca for tourists, 56,256 visiting it in 1906. Many relics of Burns' Dumfries home are now installed in the cottage and add greatly to the interest. But to understand the compelling charm of this place one must go back and be wafted away to the moorlands of mist, to the ballads and wailes that have made of its woodlands and dales a picture of rest.

The new line of railroad that opens up to the traveller the beauties of the Garrick Coast brings them into close touch with all historical and romantic associations. It is many centuries since the Celtic settlers, who had a large share in opening up the dark places of the earth, found their way to this region on the Ayr, and there are proofs that the wandering heralds of the Cross from Iona at a very early period brought their Christian faith into these parts; but one fact is authentic: that William the Lion, who then lived in his castle in Ayr, granted the town a royal charter, which is the oldest charter of its class in Scotland. This was between 1202 and 1207. After that history "thickens and bristles" with interest; from the days of Wallace and Bruce down to the revolution of 1688, Ayr was promi-

nent in Scottish history, and with the days of Robert Burns Ayr became a mecca for lovers of Scottish romance and history.

The days that followed our sojourn in the Land of Burns and his "Highland Mary" found us in Glasgow. This city has long been known as the centre of industry and commercialism, but later it is becoming known that the west coast of Scotland, the most interesting part of the country, is best reached from this point: as we found when we had to come back to go to the Trossachs, and Loch Lomond, the Stirling region, the haunts of Rob Roy, the Falls of Clyde, the Firth of Clyde, the Kyles of Bute, Crinans Canal to Oban.

We began in the interesting city of Glasgow, with her ancient history and monuments, then her cathedral—and behind the cathedral lies the city's great Necropolis, the city of the dead; then down High Street to the scenes of Wallace's famous fight; past the Tolbooth, where Rob Boy met Bailie Nichol Jarvie; and on through Salt Market, where Cromwell and the Duke of York and the Bailie mentioned stopped, where Prince Charles Edward held his last review, to Cathcart, where a stone marks the knoll from which, on a day in May, 1568, Queen Mary witnessed the overthrow of her last army at Langside—on the battlefield itself a monument marks the scene—and then on to the art galleries, the university, and, above all, the docks. Some nine millions have been spent on these docks.

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We listen and hear the clang of hammer and steel and see an array of skeleton ships; both banks of the Clyde are covered with famous shipbuilding yards.

May 25th, at nine o'clock in the morning, we took the train at Queen Station for Loch Lomond and the Trossachs. Soon we were passing the Clyde, passing Dumbarton Castle, on to Ballach, where we took the steamer which carries the tourist down to Inversnaid. Here is where Wordsworth saw the Highland lass that he has immortalized:

“What joy to hear thee, and to see;
Thy elder brother I would be,
Thy father, anything, to thee.”

We were sailing along the bonny, bonny banks of Lake Lomond. When we reached the wharf at the end of the lake the stage was waiting to carry the passengers over the pass five miles away. Up, up, the coach goes, the waters rushing by making beautiful cascades, the pine-covered hills, the mountains beyond, and Ben Lomond in the background making new pictures; Rob Roy's cave, just at our side, the hiding-place of Robert Bruce. After an exhilarating ride of two hours we reached Stronachlachar, where we lunched and boarded the steamer *Sir Walter Scott*. This beautiful Lake Katrine, the gem of Scottish lakes, is only eight miles long and one mile broad, but it is the lake of romance, song, and story, and we were soon under the magic spell of Scott's

pen and "The Lady of the Lake." Steep cliffs and beautiful woods entrance you until you come to Ellen's Island, where lived the Lady of the Lake. The steamer stopped and we could almost hear King James' horn and see Ellen Douglas in her skiff answering to the supposed call of her father, and we felt quite sure this masterpiece in literature was what opened the eyes of the world to the beauty of the Trossachs and Loch Katrine, and that it is the romance of these regions that draws thousands into this beautiful district to see the lakes, the island, the mountains where these deeds of chivalry and of love have been supposed to exist.

At the end of the lake we entered the Trossachs! We were in the land of the Clan Macgregor, a district overhung by high mountains, where they had their stronghold; their hills were in sight of Stirling Castle and the City of Glasgow. The famous Rob Roy Macgregor was a chieftain of this clan. The stage again carried us over mountain and glade—you are immediately surrounded by an ingathering of wildness and grandeur and solitude—white birch trees grace the roadway, the hills are clad in heather, bold cliffs stand out on all sides.

"And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land,
High on the south, huge Ben Venue
Down on the lake in masses threw
Crag, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurl'd,
The fragments of an earlier world."

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We were in the Trossachs. A two hours' ride brought us to the last hill, when the road led down the steep ascent into the valley, and Aberfoyle lay at our feet. "What a bonny setting," said a Scotchman at our side. We were now amid the scenes where Sir Walter Scott got his color for his novel "Rob Roy." In due time our holiday in the Trossachs was over and we were bent for Glasgow.

We took the train in the early morning of May 28th for the Scottish Highlands and Islands, quietly running along the Clyde until we reached the Firth, where we boarded the steamer *Columba*. Farther on down the Firth the beautiful sea panorama includes many places familiar in history. The town of Largo is where the Norse Hakon was overthrown in 1263. We passed the wooded shores of Bute, and at Mount Stuart can be seen the splendid seat of the Marquis of Bute, descendant of King Robert II. Here we discovered that instead of going steadily on to Oban, our objective point for that day, the *Columba* would stop at Rothesay, much to our delight, as it was one point we were glad to make. The season for through boats did not begin until June 1st. As our steamer entered Rothesay Bay it was beautiful to behold, with its terraced green slopes and crescent shore. We chose for our home, over Sunday, Glenburn Hydropathic Hotel, which is situated on the slope of the wooded ridge; it commands a magnificent view of the bay, the full length of Loch Striven,

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the entrance to the Kyles of Bute, and the stately mountains of Argyle, and is not an hour's walk from Mount Stuart, the residence of the Marquis of Bute.

The great actor Kean, when on a visit there, inscribed on the summer house,

“How glorious from the loopholes of retreat
To look on such a world.”

Our days at Glenburn were restful and inspiring, and notwithstanding the torrents of rain that accompanied us to the wharf, as it had been our companion much of the time in Scotland, until we began to look upon it as a friend that sticketh closer than a brother, Rothesay was still beautiful.

An Englishman rode to the wharf with us. Of course, the never-failing topic, “the weather,” broke the ice for conversation. He said when in Scotland once he asked a Scotchman if it always rained in Scotland.

“Nae,” he answered, “sometimes it snaes.”

When we sailed away Mrs. Craik's song came to mind:

“It's a bonny bay at morning,
And bonnier at the noon;
But bonniest when the sun drops,
And red comes up the moon;
When the mist creep ov'r the Cumbræes,
And Arran's peaks are grey,
And the great black hills like sleeping kings
Sit grand round Rothesay Bay.”

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Soon our steamer entered the winding narrows of the Kyles of Bute. In some places we were so near shore on either side that we could almost pick flowers off the banks, and our way seemed filled with the mountains ahead. Gently we turned, the steamer bore away, and we left the Maids of Bute in their homes on the mountainside, and made for Tarbet, the headquarters of Lake Fyne fisheries.

Here our English friend left us to go to Islay. The *Columba* ended her voyage at Ardraishag pier. Here we drove through the village and changed for the little steamer *Linnet*, to enter the Crinan Canal; this connects Lake Fyne with Lock Crinan, to avoid the circuitous passage round the Mull of Kintyre. This canal, nine miles long, has fifteen locks; the first series of nine locks within one mile gives the passengers a chance to walk through this most entrancing scenery. In descending to the lower level, which begins with the eighth lock, we were nearing Bellanock Bay, and shortly we arrived at Crinan, the western terminus of the canal. A short walk brought us to the pier, where another steamer was waiting, with steam up. The fascination in this changing panorama can hardly be expressed. Fifteen minutes after leaving Crinan the steamer passed between the points of Craignish and the Island Garbreisha, or Great Door, where the tides rush through with great force. Beyond Craignish point we got a good view of the straits between Jura and Scarba; on

for a few miles lie the Isles of the Sea, and the steamer beat against the broad Atlantic. To the left lies Mull, with its bold cliffs and lofty mountains; a few miles beyond lies Iona.

In sailing through these land-locked islands we found everything land-locked but old ocean, and we realized more what she could do than in crossing from New York to Queenstown. It brought to our party no discomfort, and the delight of the trip was beyond compare.

As the sun was leaving we entered the beautiful harbor of Oban, where it has often been asserted her sunsets are the finest that can be seen, and it was our good fortune that it was a propitious time for us. No pen can adequately describe the glorious prospect, the fairy-like scene that glows in radiant hues over the blue and purple peaks of Mull beyond the golden waters. Nowhere do sunset and evening star paint sea and shore and sky above in such glowing pageantry.

For the last three days we had been coming over this royal route that has been known through time. Over this route came Alexander II, and the Norse Hakon; James IV, James V, and Robert Bruce and Bonnie Prince Charlie sailed these waters long in advance of their descendants; and Queen Victoria and His Majesty King Edward, in other days when the passions of men had found an estop and peace was on the face of the waters.

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The Station Hotel, complete in all its appointments, was our home while we made acquaintance with this attractive place and its environments. Its old castles, beautiful walks and drives into the Highlands of Scotland filled our days with satisfaction.

Dunollic Castle was in our way when we walked the beautiful esplanade to the sandy beach bay. This castle was the ancient stronghold of the Lords of Lorne.

Again in our trip out into the Highlands we came upon Dunstaffnage Castle. It is supposed to have been of Pictish origin, the first people that history gives any account of, but supposed to be identical with the ancient Caledonians. Their name signifies "painted." In the early days of history they wore no clothes and their bodies were painted. It is not known whether they were of Celtic or Teutonic descent. No country that we remember has ever been discovered, for invariably some one was there to welcome the discoverer. In this half-fabulous period of Scottish history thirty-eight Pictish kings are enumerated from 451 to 853. A part of these had become partially civilized under the Romans, and after their withdrawal formed a union and a kingdom familiarly known as Strath-Clyde. During this period the Saxons arrived in Scotland, in 449. They eventually conquered and settled the lowlands. One of their leaders, Edward, founded Edinburgh (Edwinburg). About fifty years after this the

Scots from Ireland, a Celtic tribe, settled on the west coast and established a kingdom, beginning with the reign of Fergus, one of their chiefs, and continuing under a series of kings until the reign of Kenneth Mc-Alpin in 836, when the Scotch Irish became the dominant race in the land, which now began to be called Scotland. During this reign the Picts disappeared as a people, it being usually believed they were amalgamated and absorbed by the Scots. It was during the Pictish period that the natives in the sixth century were converted to Christianity by St. Columba and other missionaries from Ireland.

Dunstaffnage Castle, on the wooded peninsula of Loch Etive, carries one back to the days when it was the Scottish capitol and held the "stone of destiny," which now has its place under the coronation chair at Westminster. It was brought from Ireland by Fergus, who deposited it first at Iona and then at Dunstaffnage. Its resting-place there being no longer safe on account of the Norwegians, it was brought by Kenneth II to Scone, and Edward I carried it to Westminster Abbey, where it rests under the chair in which the Kings of the British Empire have been crowned.

There is an old rhymish proverb which runs like this:

"Unless the fates are faithless grown
And prophet's voice be vain,
Where'er is found this sacred stone,
The Scottish race shall reign."

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Sir Walter Scott asserts that there were Scots who hailed the accomplishment of this prophecy at the accession of James VI to the crown of England.

Dunstaffnage lost its national import when Kenneth MacAlpine removed to Forteviot, but Robert the Bruce took possession of it after his victory over Macdougall of Lorne. The castle and its domains were granted in 1436 to Campbell of Loch Awe, and it is said to be the Ardenvohr of Scott's "Legend of Montrose." When we recall that Flora Macdonald was imprisoned here for her part in helping the escape of Prince Charles Edward a few centuries later, and that Colkilt Macdonald was hanged here, and a few more glimpses of history from legend and story, we wonder how it would have been if this "Stone of Destiny," said to have been Jacob's pillow, had never been removed to the Coronation Chair at Westminster Abbey.

Our days were filled with the dreams and legends of other days, brought in with every breeze of the "Highlands," and when we boarded the steamer that was to carry us out of beautiful Oban Bay it was with this refrain in our hearts:

"Fair Oban is a dainty place
In distant or in nigh lands,
No town delights the tourist race
Like Oban in the Highlands."

It was in the early morning that we boarded the steamer that was to take us out of the bay at Oban

farther on into the western Highlands of Scotland. Again we found ourselves carried along through a region filled with the beautiful legends of bygone centuries. Every stretch of water or mountainside brought back the memory of some love tale, some clan feud between Macgregors, Macdonalds, or Campbells; every view had its traditions of song and story; every turn of the wheel opened the landscape of history full, rich, reminiscent; but in every little hamlet where the steamer stopped we found the life of to-day; and that means the days of strife, feuds, and wars have given way to the march of civilization, and with it has come industry, peace, happiness.

On the way to Loch Leven we passed old ruins; some of them, it is said, have historic backing in Ossian's poems; for the time has long since passed when it is questioned whether there was a Celtic bard since Macpherson journeyed through the Highlands and gathered several volumes of Gaelic manuscripts by Ossian, the son of Fingal, who was one of the most famous of the Celtic legendary heroes. At this time, the second and third centuries, the highlanders were in bad repute with the rest of Great Britain on account of their rebellion, and it was some time before these poems met with any reception. In 1762 "Fingal," in 1763 "Temora," with five minor poems, were translated into English prose. These produced a profound sensation. The poems were translated into most of the

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languages of Europe. Among their admirers the names of Goethe, Schiller, and Napoleon are mentioned. In England Doctor Johnson questioned their authenticity, as Gaelic was a barbarous language, but proof was too positive for even Doctor Johnson to combat, and the poems of Ossian came into the world to live and to almost make sacred this part of the Highlands where he was born and lived and wove histories into poetry. While we were living over the days of Ossian our little steamer had glided into the bay and up to the pier at Ballachulish, where we landed to take the drive which is considered one of the most famous in Scotland, through the historic Pass of Glencoe.

A comfortable coach awaited the arrival of the steamer. The drive took us through Ballachulish village and the world-renowned slate works and quarries. As the road approached Glencoe we got a glimpse of the ruins of old Inverness, the seat of the Macdonald chief. The terrible night of the massacre of the clansmen, 1692, by the ruthless soldiers of William III, instigated by Breadalbane—a dark stain on William III—was brought to mind as we passed the ruins of these homes. After having been received with warm welcome by this Highland chief and royally entertained, they repaid all civilities by rising up in the night and slaying every man, woman, and child. A tall cross marks the memory of those who fell.

But the scenery of the glen is most beautiful. On

one side of the glen a long black indentation many feet above the road is the mouth of "Ossian's Cave." It is said to have been Ossian's refuge when composing his "songs of the times of old." We were about three hours in making the trip, and returned to the steamer, glad we had taken the drive so full of history and marvellous scenery, but more glad to close our eyes for a time and try to forget the wickedness that has been in the calm and sweetness of the present, while the staunch little steamer carries us by historic spots, landed estates, and Highland towns, until we glide into the quiet port of Fort William at the foot of the Caledonian Canal.

The following day we began our trip through the canal. This canal was surveyed by James Watt in 1773 as a means of opening up the Highlands in 1803. The famous engineer Telford finally surveyed it again. It was opened from sea to sea in 1822 at a total cost of a million sterling. Through difficulties for a time it was abandoned, but the construction was improved and the canal was reopened in 1847. They found great difficulty in completing the canal in some sections owing to rapid streams that would flow into the locks, but some Goethals came along who did not know the word fail, who constructed culverts to convey these waters under the canal to the river. The level of the loch was raised twelve feet. The distance from the east coast to the west coast is sixty-two miles; twenty-four miles

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of this is canal, and thirty-eight miles natural waters, Loch Lochy, Loch Oich, and Loch Ness. The locks are each 160 feet long, 38 feet wide; the depth of water is from 17 to 18 feet, and vessels of a thousand tons burden can pass through. The master minds of those days saw the great advantage of uniting the east and west shores of a continent by building a waterway over the great highway, binding one shore to the other. Did Scotland build this for the benefit of Scotland and the Scots, or was she so magnanimous that it was the world at large she had in mind? Tradition says it was to stop emigration.

In making this trip which landed us at Muirtown, the landing place for Inverness, we had spent a day which we shall never forget—the sylvan beauty of these shores, the picturesque ruins, the memories of legend and history made tangible by looking upon the waste places where the old feuds brought the clans of the Macdonalds of Glengary and the Mackenzies of Ross-shire into combat; where Prince Charles Edward was belted and plaided in full pursuit of Sir John Cope, and all the rest of it, until we fall to wondering if they ever knew days of rest and peacefulness. And then we remembered that there came the years of peace. Queen Victoria resided at Inverlochy Castle in the fall of 1873 for some time; King Edward sometimes went on hunting expeditions in these glens in the Highlands, and then we know that old Ben Nevis, the king among

mountains in this region, has been a silent witness to the days of peace as well as conflict.

Our carriage soon took us to our stopping-place, the Station Hotel. We were in the old capital of the Highlands; we found that we were two degrees and a half higher in latitude than at the Causeway. The evening, with the sun going down, brought a charm over the scene that at once dispelled all weariness or fatigue. We were in old Inverness with her mantle of history surrounding her, and the battlefield of Culloden only four miles away, with all the pathetic memories of the last days of the Stuarts. There we saw the great Cumberland stone from which the Duke of Cumberland directed the battle. The old "well of the dead" is still there, into which, it is told, many dying men crept to quench their thirst during the night that followed the battle. The green trenches among the heather are still visible in which the Highland dead were buried, according to their tartans, it is said.

The capital of the Highlands is marvellously beautiful for situation; in fact, so many places on this trip are pictured with river, firth, woodland, and valley, each carrying its page of history, that we might feel with Shirley Brooks that, if there were many places like them, people would be in fearful danger of forgetting that they ought to be miserable. The swift-running River Ness divides the town: the waters sweep along with such a swift current that no craft is seen on its

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clear waters. The town is old enough to be highly respectable; according to records, it was built in the first century B. C. On the elevated plateau to the east of the town, known as "The Crown," there was once a fortified castle, said to have been razed to the ground by Malcolm Canmore in 1075. This was the traditionary castle of Macbeth, where some think the great traveller, Lord Bacon, got hold of his hand-downs for Shakespeare.

The old town was erected into a royal burgh by David I. Its charter dates back to William the Lion. Robert Bruce, James I, James IV, Mary Queen of Scots, and the late Queen Victoria have been visitors to this Highland capital. Oliver Cromwell left his mark on Inverness in a citadel. There is a striking monument well worth studying of Flora Macdonald in one of the squares. It will be remembered that while she was on a visit to Uist she helped Charles Edward Stuart, who was a wanderer after the defeat at Culloden, to don woman's attire and escape with her to Skye. Her stepfather commanded one of the militia parties in the service of the government, and gave her a passport for herself and for "Betty Bourke, a stout Irish woman," and they reached Skye in safety. In time it was found out; she was arrested, put in prison, but the authorities were glad to soon release her, and now her memory is honored in the fair city of the Highlands.

In Inverness we have looked upon her public build-

inga, her castles, her river islands, her homes, and now we must turn our feet toward Edinburgh.

Our holiday in the Highlands, so full of fruitful experiences we would not have missed, is at an end, but all that is so beautiful that we leave behind is photographed on the brain, and will in coming days pass before us in moving pictures. We leave the fascinating waters of Clyde, Kyles of Butte, Oban Bay, charming Crinnan Canal, Loch Lime, Loch Levin, and historic Caledonian Canal, which has brought rest and a charm into busy lives, and take the more prosaic steam cars through interesting country to Edinburgh. Our first duty we felt, the next morning after our arrival, was to drive to the old castle, by far the most remarkable building in the city. It began with the early history of Scotland. It is said that the daughters of the Pictish kings resided there before their marriage. The small room is shown where Mary Queen of Scots gave birth to James VI, and the window from which they were let down the dizzy height by ropes. We could but contrast this room with the luxuries of late years, which have become, not luxuries, but necessities, and we—well, just wonder. Much of the history made between these gray walls was recalled by the guide who conducted us through. His twinkling eye when he was getting ready to fire off some of his dry wit gave such a charm to his story that we shall not soon forget the old storied castle and its genial



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attendant. The palace of Holyrood is at the east end of the city and was the ancient residence of the Scottish kings. A part of this home was built by James V, and here lived Queen Mary, and here was the scene of Rizzio's murder. Adjoining are the ruins of Holyrood, founded by David I in 1128. A reality of those days comes over you while you are looking upon the very spot where these tragedies were enacted that reading history cannot give; but the homes, the surroundings of those whose names are a household word, brought an intense interest—the names of those who filled their mission in life in far different walks from those which royalty has trod.

The changes time has wrought are so marked that we have only to take the two cities, Glasgow and Edinburgh, to read the story. Long before Edinburgh was founded, Glasgow was a thriving town; it was a bishop's seat and place of consequence. To-day the world flocks to Edinburgh for the antique history of a romantic past, and Glasgow hums and swirls and is known over the world by her energetic life.

We landed at the Prince Station of the Caledonian Railway. Our hotel was commodious and in every respect comfortable, and we felt that we should be quite averse to exchanging our apartments for those Queen Mary lived in at Holyrood or those in which the Stuart kings spent their uneasy lives in Edinburgh Castle. Our days were spent in placing the public

institutions and local habitations of great men of their day. In George Street we found the Assembly Rooms where, at an historical banquet in 1827, Sir Walter Scott confessed himself to be the author of Waverley Novels. The upper window of a tenement house looking down from the corner of St. James Square marks the room occupied by Robert Burns while he wrote his famous letter, "Clarinda," and also by Henry Irving when he first trod the stage for the Scottish people.

On to the east rises Calton Hill and the attempt to honor the battle of Waterloo by a national monument in Athenic style. Nelson, Dugald Stuart, and other notables also have their attempts, more or less monstrous, which ought to put other countries we know in the position of not being lonesome. Down the steep north side of the hill is the place where Bothwell wove the spell over Queen Mary by the dexterity with which he handled his mettled steed. Calton Cemetery holds the dust of Constable, Scott's publisher, and of Hume the historian, and this is but a step from Holyrood. The house opposite is pointed out where Mary bathed in white wine before going to meet her lover, and over whose roof the assassin of Rizzio escaped.

Here in Edinburgh we see the Holyrood Chapel, which has been richly endowed: here was the wedding of Mary and Darnley, the coronation of Charles I. In the vaults lie the remains of James II, James V, and other personages of royalty; and Holyrood has been

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the asylum for centuries of such personages as the Duke of Lancaster, father of Henry IV, the Duke of York, afterward James II, Charles X, and many other unfortunates.

The one work of art that stands over and above all others is the Gothic monument to Sir Walter Scott, located in beautiful Prince Street; a marble statue of Sir Walter is in the centre. It has niches for the representations of the principal characters in his books. When we go to the site where he was born, and at 25 George Square, where his father lived in his boyhood, when we recall his weak physique through his younger years, his lameness through life, and remember what he overcame, that he made for himself a name above reproach and one endowed by his nation—a household word for all nations—we feel the great incentive it might be to the disheartened to press forward, putting obstacles under their feet and thereby reach the goal.

Here is the Cathedral of St. Giles. The poet bishop Gavin Douglas preached here, when Jenny Geddes flung her stool at the Dean of Edinburgh's head, and thus began the movement which cost the head of Charles I. There is the long ascent of the Canon gate crowded with memories. At the foot of High Street lived John Knox. Edinburgh for a time had but one parish; John Knox was the minister, and the parish church was the St. Giles. The world knows the ups and downs of this great preacher. In front of Parliament House, now

the Supreme Court, under the causeway, lie the remains of the great reformer, and the chapter is not half told.

One of the many excursions out of Edinburgh is to Cramend Brig. En route, every mile is crowded with incident and story, which usually your driver is ready to recount, but the best is of Cramend Brig itself. It is an old, old story, but when you hear it on the spot it comes back with renewed and vital interest. The story goes: As James V was returning incognito and alone from one of his sundry outings for romance or pleasure, for which, we are told, he was famous, he was murderously set upon by a troupe of gypsy vagabonds. Notwithstanding his noted dexterity in self-defence, he was on the point of being overcome when a laborer who had been threshing corn in a barn near by sallied out with his flail and used it with such skill that the gypsies fled. He then invited James to his cottage, brought a basin of water and a towel that he might wash his face and hands clear of the blood and dust, and set before him a portion of the supper of sheep'shead of which the family were about to partake. Further, for fear the company should renew the attack, he accompanied the traveller a part of the way to Edinburgh. On the road James took occasion to ask the name and business of his deliverer, and discovered him to be one Jock Howieson, a bondsman on the King's farm near by,

"And have you no wish to do better for yourself?"

To which Howieson replied that, at the greatest

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stretch of his desires, he had sometimes wished he might have been the possessor of the farm on which he worked. But here he turned the talk by asking his companion who he himself might be. James replied that he was a poor man, the Guidman of Ballangeich, holding a small post at court. As Howieson seemed interested, James said if he would come to a certain postern on the following Sunday and inquire for Ballangeich he would be happy to show him something of the place. Of course, such an opportunity could not be lost, so on Sunday Jock, in his best attire, knocked at the appointed door. He inquired for Ballangeich, and his new-made friend presently appeared, and, keeping his promise, showed Jock through all the splendors of the place. Presently he asked him if he would not like to see the King. Howieson said he would be glad to if it would bring no trouble on Ballangeich himself. Jock inquired cautiously how he should know King James. James replied:

“The King alone will wear his bonnet, all the others will be uncovered.”

He then opened a door and led the way into the crowded hall, Jock keeping close behind. Howieson stared with both eyes, but presently pulled the sleeve of his guide.

“I—I dinna see the King,” he said.

“I told you,” answered James, “he would be the only man wearing a bonnet.”

"Weel," said Howieson, "that maun be either you or me, fer nobody but us has a bonnet on."

Thereat, it is said, James and the court had a laugh; but to make Jock happy and merry, too, the King then presented him on the spot with the farm of Braehead, which belongs to the Howieson descendants to-day.

MELROSE ABBEY, ABBOTSFORD, AND DRYBURGH

We left Edinburgh in the morning, the railway train bearing us into the open country along the Firth of Forth and southward over the fair Moorfoot Hills. We passed many extensive demesnes, but it was the ruins of Borthwick Castle that impressed us most. It was while Mary Stuart and Bothwell were residing here, in June, 1567, that the castle was attacked by Scottish barons and their retainers. Bothwell escaped and the Queen followed in men's clothes, booted and spurred; she joined Bothwell and they rode to his castle at Dunbar. In November Cromwell forced the surrender of the castle. A little farther on are the ruins of Creighton Castle, in which Queen Mary was once a guest at a wedding feast. It was a favorite resort of Sir Walter Scott, which he mentioned in "Marmion"; but to us the interest in the place was because it was the first place in all our travels through Scotland that we had come across where poor Queen Mary seemed to be anything but the hunted deer, and we were almost afraid to look with steady eye upon these ruins for fear we might

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see the spirit of some Scottish chieftain in pursuit of the haunted soul!

We crossed the historic Tweed, not immortalized by murdered kings and queens, but known even over the seas by its "Tweed cloth."

A little farther on and we were at Melrose, with all the memories stored up from childhood. We lunched at comfortable Abbey Hotel before we entered the wonderful ruins of the Abbey of St. Mary of Melrose, built by David I, King of Scotland. It is said the mission of the monks residing there was not to care for souls, but to live in seclusion and cultivate the ground.

Amid these silent majestic ruins we found the burying place of Alexander II, King of Scotland; near the high altar of the abbey he was buried in 1249. In 1322 Edward II, King of England, on his return from Scotland came to Melrose, intending to reside there. He sent on an advance guard to prepare for his reception, but Lord Douglas surprised them, slew a good many, which so enraged Edward that he proceeded with his force and did what many another leader has done—took vengeance on inanimate things, and utterly destroyed the abbey, and the world is the loser of one of its most beautiful works of art and architecture, a loss that forty generations of King Edwards could not possibly replace. Is this the march of civilization? When the English were expelled from Scotland Robert the Bruce began to rebuild the abbey in 1326,

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and it was completed within the fourteenth century. The Bruce's heart was buried here after being brought back from Spain. At last Henry VIII became so incensed at the failure of his endeavors to woo the youthful Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, for his son (afterward Edward VI) that he sent Lord Hertford with an army, which not only laid waste this whole section, but again totally wrecked Melrose Abbey. Some of the most beautiful architectural portions in detail remain to tell the story of its past grandeur. The modernized buildings in the little village certainly do detract from the dignity of these classic ruins; they are built so close to the abbey it leaves no space for perspective epitaphs, but from the adjoining churchyard a better view is gotten.

ABBOTSFORD

Three miles away stands the baronial pile of Abbotsford. Probably this is the most magnificent house built from the earnings of a literary man and still in possession of members of his family. It is now occupied by his great-granddaughter, Mrs. Maxwell Scott, a descendant of Lockhart and Sophia Scott, daughter of Sir Walter. The place is open every day to the public from 10 A. M. to 5:00 P. M. for a small admittance fee. If attention is given to every niche and corner of this fascinating somewhat rambling place, you leave with the feeling that not only was Sir Walter Scott one of

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the world's great literary men, but he had an insight into the artistic domain that few men possess. He was one, not endowed with the one talent to make himself heard over the world, but seemingly with the ten, that he should know not only the beauty but the æsthetic value of bits of antiquarian interest, not so much appreciated in those days, but a glory to-day to all lovers of the beautiful and the unique. His study, the library, the armory—one of the finest to be seen anywhere—the salon with walls adorned with priceless paintings, and you wonder, with the printed folios he has given to the world, when he ever found the time to give to such varied study.

One pleasant incident comes to mind: I was wearing a brooch given me by a friend; it was said to be the portrait of Nell Gwyn copied from the painting by Sir Peter Lely, but we had not proved it. To my delight, on the walls of Abbotsford hung the painting of Nell Gwyn by Sir Peter from which the painting on my brooch was copied.

It is not hours but days one could spend among these interesting artistic objects collected by Sir Walter which are now left for the delight and education of future generations who visit this shrine of beautiful Abbotsford at Melrose on the banks of the Tweed.

DRYBURGH

We left the charm hanging over old Abbotsford, and five miles farther on came to Dryburgh. It is attested

by the ruins that the Druids once worshipped here. It is said to have been known by the early poets—that Thomson wrote his winter of his “Seasons” there; that Gower was a monk there, and that Chaucer spent some time there with Ralph Strode, the poet laureate of Oxford. The first thing that struck our attention was the well-guarded approach to the ruins, a striking contrast to Melrose Abbey. We had to leave our carriage at the entrance, a good half mile’s walk.

Dryburgh Abbey seems to have passed through the same fiery ordeals as Melrose Abbey. It was early settled by Christian missionaries, but the abbey was founded in 1150 by Hugo de Morville. His charter was afterward confirmed by David I. The monks of Dryburgh gave their labors not only to the daily devotions of the church, but to the instruction of the people. The early historians do not claim an earlier date for these buildings than the middle of the twelfth century, and most of them later. This is another high-water mark of King Edward II’s ambition to destroy rather than build up; this was accomplished the same year—1322—that sealed the fate of Melrose Abbey. After numerous wrecks it was burnt by Richard II in 1385, built up again ready to be wrecked by Lord Hertford, under orders of Henry VIII, in 1545, when he was adding to his sweet revenge on Queen Mary, and so through the years these wrecks have become the stone quarries of the nation.

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Sir Walter Scott, as heir of the Haliburtons of New-mains, was buried in their tomb in Dryburgh Abbey. His tomb is in the open of St. Mary's Chapel. His wife, his eldest son, Walter, and his son-in-law, Lockhart, are buried there. Mr. Ferguson has pointed out that the north transept, with its two-bayed aisle and its eastern chapel, St. Mary's, in which Sir Walter Scott lies buried, was evidently the finest part of the church. The north transept has one of the most beautiful examples of First-pointed architecture anywhere to be found. All that remains is the lovely pointed window at the east end. Nothing can be more beautiful than the exquisite proportions of this remaining window. It seems most fitting that the earthly remains of Sir Walter should lie here surrounded by the dust of knights and canons, and those of his own loved clan, amid the scenes he has immortalized in song and story.

While we were wandering through this expanse of church and cloister, going back to the days of romance, forgetting for the moment the desolation surrounding us, I felt a friendly arm thrown around me, and there beside me stood a dear friend from America from whom I had parted in my own loved land a few weeks before. I defy any one taken by surprise under such circumstances for the moment not to have thrown aside all the explanatory traditions of the time and place by the guide and made the most of the luck (for

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arrangement could not have brought it about) that had brought us face to face, heart to heart, in that foreign land so far from home where we had so much in common; for what did abbey ruins, levelled walls, broken pillars count for as against a few minutes' heart to heart talk with a dear friend among strangers in a strange land?

We walked out of the ruins of Dryburgh Castle, our carriages leaving together, chatting by the way, and crossing the Tweed with a farewell wave of the hand. They turned toward Edinburgh over the land that we had come, and we toward Durham, old England.

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OUR first stop after we left Scotland en route to London was at Durham. We found a city set on seven small hills nearly surrounded by the River Wear. The situation is wonderfully adapted to the carrying out of plans that have made a very attractive city. The houses rise one above the other on these plateaus until they are crowned by its grand cathedral and an ancient Norman castle on the summit of a rocky eminence. This cathedral was what drew us to Durham, our first introduction to the cathedrals of England. It was not disappointing.

The cathedral was founded in 1093. The predominant style is Norman, but, like most of them, the various additions have changed the styles which prevailed up to the fourteenth century. The Galilee Chapel was built by Bishop Hugh of Puiset in the twelfth century and holds the remains of the venerable Bede; those of St. Cuthbert, patron saint, rest in the Chapel of the Nine Altars. The old Church of St. Nicholas, rebuilt in 1858, is considered to be one of the finest specimens of modern church architecture in the north of England. Opposite the cathedral stands the castle founded by

William the Conqueror for the protection of the country from the inroads of the Scots; for many years this was the richest See in England.

In the vicinity is Neville's Cross, erected by Lord Neville in commemoration of the defeat of David II of Scotland in 1346. There is also the site of a Roman fortress, called the Maiden Castle.

We had so quietly and quickly crossed the line of demarcation from Scotland over into England that we could hardly appreciate that there ever had existed that high wall of prejudice, religious and political rancor, which, strange to say, we find recorded in the histories of religious edifices. The story of the abbeys and the cathedrals of the British Isles written on their walls is one of the legacies handed down, and the question is, which carries the more vital truth, the razed walls of Scotland's abbeys, or the lofty spires of England's cathedrals,

Where the pillared arches were over their head
And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead;

where some of her greatest ecclesiastical lights are buried? The venerable Bede, who lies in the Galilee Chapel, a Saxon ecclesiastic, born in Durham, was the earliest historian of England, and it is acknowledged by scholars that his greatest work, "Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation," which occupied him for many years, has remained the best and most trusted

authority on the early period. Some day we shall understand why the ways of the Lord's children took such crooked bypaths to reach the goal of divine love. We know St. Patrick was born, as most people believe, on the Clyde, and St. Columba in Ireland. One began his great missionary work in Ireland, the other at Iona, and thence through Scotland. We are told by some ecclesiastic authors "that the natural result of the Saxon mission was to isolate the British Church from the churches of Europe by a wedge of heathenism," and yet history says Augustine, missionary to Kent, was, in 597, surnamed the Apostle of the Anglo-Saxon, and in 600 he became the first Bishop of Canterbury.

We are sure the impress of these holy men has been left in old Durham and permeated the community. The Sunday we spent there, June 5th, was literally a day of rest, from which many another place might take lessons. G., one of the four, observingly remarked, "the only activity he had seen in the town was among the milk wagons gathered around the water fountain."

St. Cuthbert, who is buried in the Chapel of the Nine Altars, was born early in the seventh century. He died March 20, 687. Owing to the prayers of King Egfrid and the Northumbrians, he accepted the Bishopric of Hexham, but soon exchanged for that of Lindisfarne, but at the end of two years retired, to end his life in his hut in the Isle of Farne. When the Danes arrived, the monks of Lindisfarne bore his relics

with them in their flight from place to place, until they found a resting-place on the banks of the Wear, and around his shrine a convent-cathedral and city arose called Dunholme (Durham). The chief treasure of Durham Cathedral has been the legends and relics of St. Cuthbert. St. Cuthbert of Durham is to be distinguished from Cuthbert the Benedictine monk who was a pupil of Bede's; another Cuthbert was Archbishop of Canterbury.

Now that we have seen and felt the atmosphere of this old cathedral town and its marvellous cathedral, without going into the details—that is, the environment of all cathedrals, yet the picture of it all is on the brain—we shall take it with us through Merrie England, and then to our home overseas.

YORK

The night of June 5th found us in York. For situation we do not wonder that the Romans chose it. Some of the odd walls still remain to remind us of their occupancy. The city, outside of its wonderful cathedral, has much to commend it to the student of the fair cities of the earth.

York was the seat of the general government during the Roman reign, and we recall that it was here that their Emperors Septimius Severus and Constantius Chlorus died, and that Constantine the Great was here proclaimed emperor by the army. Under the Saxons it was the capital of Northumbria. The Scots and the Danes here joined forces against William the Con-

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queror. The city was then razed and afterward rebuilt. Fairfax captured York from the Royalists in 1644, and in 1688 James II, for its opposition to the arbitrary measures of the Crown, took away its charter.

York Cathedral is by many considered the finest church in England. We saw many of the fine public buildings, its ancient Gothic Guild Hall, the valuable museum, its numerous charitable institutions. It is a city filled with churches of various denominations, and when we had wandered hours in the cathedral, through nave, transept, choir, and Lady Chapel, we thought of the days when King Edward came to York to his palace in the Pretorians in the Roman fortress and built the little wooden church where Edwin was baptized Easter Day, April 12, 627. Bede tells us this church was made of upright semicircular logs, the trunks of trees cleft in two, the flat surface facing the interior, the roof being thatched—and we compare that description with our present surroundings; the rough places in life had been smoothed out, what was so elementary for centuries had given place to culture, refinement, high art, progress, and we find but one solution: it was the Christian element after all that has dominated this people and brought order out of chaos.

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Marvellous city! We are so familiar with her story that the streets, the circuses, the historic houses, seemed

like old friends, and we wandered from point to point ready to give the glad hand to every old comrade we met, and we carried with us something of the spirit of apology to hand out that we had not extended it before to these old acquaintances—Westminster Abbey, House of Parliament, Buckingham Palace, Marlborough House, Hyde Park, etc. No place visited filled our souls with greater satisfaction than did the British Museum. The one thing lacking was the weeks in which we could revel amid these riches.

Of course, we should not think of giving any sort of résumé of what we did see and do in this marvellous place; perhaps one thing more than another that attracted us was the wonderful collection in glyptic art and instructive specimens of Scarabea; nowhere have we been privileged to see a broader or fuller representation in both these lines of Eastern art.

In the picture gallery we stood before kings and queens, and noted literary women and men, especially Sir Christopher Wren, and Sir Peter Lely's paintings of Nell Gwyn, etc. As we stood before the picture of Sir Christopher Wren we could but wonder if he realized that it was the genius of his brain that brought to us, through Major L'Enfant, the radiating streets from our circles that are the glory of our beautiful Capital, Washington, taken from his plan of old London, which even a novice can see to-day. These days in London have started us on an entirely new vein of thought from that

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which enveloped our jaunt through Ireland, Scotland, and northern England.

The strife, the downfall of one people that another might fill the place; the signs of the rise and fall of clans, kings, queens, and nations; the razed cities, ruined castles, abbeys, cathedrals, with nothing left but broken walls and fallen columns, which are the a, b, c's whereby you can read the story hidden within and form some idea of the centuries of time involved in—shall we call it the moulding of the human race? They leave us with the impression that through time it has been just one eternal strife, and the climax we find in the London of the living present, a magnificent city which, like others, has arisen out of the unforgettable past, with all the accumulation of perfected industry and art.

In passing from point to point, life, in all its activity, is spread out before you. There are open spaces; Trafalgar Square is the dividing line of activities. There are wide streets and narrow side streets; there is Bond Street, Piccadilly, The Strand, Hyde Park, old, old friends. There is the Thames, with its magnificent bridges, its dark waters laden with the world's commerce; its immensity, its world power, its industries, its commerce, make London by far the most interesting city in the world. It surely is the fruitage of a civilization that took root with the Anglo-Saxon race.

Then came a few days' trip through England by auto.

AFOOT AND AWHEEL IN EUROPE

We left London at 9:30, and we reached Cambridge at 12:30.

AUTOMOBILING THROUGH ENGLAND

Having in mind our own country of magnificent distances, where days can come and days can go, and yet the end be not reached, we were not prepared for the surprise that awaited us, that anywhere in Merrie England was within our reach in hours, not days. Our first point of interest was Cambridge. We rode through this ancient town, among the university buildings, and thought of the noted men who have studied there. Chaucer, Bacon, Coke, Harvey, Spencer, Ben Johnson, Milton, Dryden, Newton, Pitt, Byron, and Cromwell stand out before one, and we reverence the place which has helped to ripen the minds of men who have left their impress on the world, and made it that much richer in science and poetry, political economics, and all that helps to make a country great. We lunched at University Arms and called at "Castle Brae" to pay our respects to the noted Biblical students and specialists in old manuscripts, Mrs. Agnes Lewis and sister, Mrs. Gibson, with whom, through the Women's International Press Association, we had had interesting correspondence and also contributions to the club relative to the wonderful discoveries made by them and photographs secured by them of rare old manuscripts at the monastery at Mount Sinai; among them photographed

pages of the New Testament, the only copy ever secured written in the language in which Christ talked, and which were translated by their husbands, both of whom were professors in the university. This call was one of the bright spots in our trip and left a lasting impression of what the human touch can do to open avenues of new thought, new desires, new aspirations.

We made Ely that night, and when you have seen the beautiful cathedral you have seen about all of Ely. The bishopric was founded in 1107; the magnificent cathedral was built in successive centuries from 1174 to 1534, so you find a mixture of early English styles. A famous convent was built in 670 by Ethelrade, wife of Egfrid, King of Northumberland, and she became its first abbess. It was destroyed by the Danes in 870; the microbe of destruction was still in the land. One hundred years later it was rebuilt by Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, who placed in it monks instead of nuns. The women evidently were not militant in the days of Ethelwold.

We rode on to St. Ives, thinking perhaps we should meet the "man with seven wives" and learn how it all happened. St. Ives is an ancient little town, quaint and interesting; we passed Glebe Hall, once the home of Cromwell, but six miles beyond we came to the very ancient Saxon town of Huntington, the birthplace of Cromwell. Every mile was filled with interesting history. The end of the day found us at Leamington,

where we stopped at the Regent's Hotel; the rooms were comfortable, well furnished, and clean. It is a beautiful resort, situated on the River Leam, and has wonderful mineral springs. The surrounding country is charming, and Warwick and Kenilworth and Stratford upon Avon are not far away.

June 10th is memorable, for it introduced us to Kenilworth Castle and to what has been beautiful, though turned to ashes in the hands of the kings. Kenilworth was founded by Geoffrey de Clinton, treasurer to Henry I. Having passed to the Crown, it was bestowed by Henry III on Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester; Edward II was prisoner here some time; Edward III bestowed it on John of Gaunt, who built large additions to it. When his son, Henry Bolingbroke, became King it was again vested in the Crown, until Queen Elizabeth bestowed it on her favorite, Dudley of Leicester. Elizabeth visited it several times, last in 1575, which Sir Walter Scott has commemorated in "Kenilworth." The ruins of her apartments are yet visible. The castle was dismantled in the time of Cromwell. It is a sad comment that the march of this conqueror can be traced through Ireland, Scotland, and England by the ruins left in his track.

Warwick Castle, in all its power and sublimity, is in marked contrast to Kenilworth. There it stands, not a stone razed from the time that Warwick, the maker

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of Kings, had them put in place. Kenilworth shows Cromwell's power as an enemy, and Warwick as having him as a friend at court—one in ruins, the other beautiful throughout and to-day the pleasure of the travelling world in going over this domain.

STRATFORD ON AVON

Shakespeare's home we found as we had pictured it through the years. Ann Hathaway's cottage is near. They say Ann Hath-a-way of her own, and William soon found it out. The facts concerning Shakespeare himself are meagre, and the differences of opinion many. Certain scholars and literary men have produced undisputable testimony that he had no hand in the writing of his plays, and could not have had, since neither he nor his daughters could read or write. Of one thing we are sure—if he was well paid by Francis Bacon, who feared the wrath of Queen Elizabeth, for the use of his name, and helped out of London with a small patrimony of \$5,000, it was not his fault that this deception has gone down the ages. Lord Palmerston, John Bright, Prince Bismarck, and hosts of others have contended that it was impossible for any man to have written Shakespeare who had not been in touch with the great affairs of state, and intimate with all the social courtesies and refinements which at that time were only to be met with in the highest circles. If there is one person who adheres to the old Shake-

spearian theory, please let him explain one of the ciphers within the Shakespeare play.

We lunched that day in the picturesque village of Broadway at the Lyngon Arms. We found every room in this quaint little inn filled with old furniture, pictures, and a most interesting collection of old china and pewter. In the village is the picturesque home of Mary Anderson, and not far away is Woodstock, where we come to Blenheim Castle, the seat of the Duke of Marlborough. We were a little too late to enter the grounds, and so made our way toward Oxford, where we arrived in time to take in the important colleges before dinner. After dinner we wandered over the town. Nothing in old England had impressed us more than Oxford and for what it stands and has stood through the centuries. We think of the thousands of men who have studied here whose influence has spread over the world, and the very walls seem sacred. Old England has much to be proud of in her two university and college towns that stand out preëminently as the great examples, and we wonder how much we owe in America to our *alma mater*, Mother England, for the inheritance brought over the seas and planted in a new land that has made the United States of America in the twentieth century one of the most powerful nations on the globe. Not only did they bring education, culture, business tact, but their religion, from the mother country, and evidently it is a fruitage of a civilization that took root



WINDSOR CASTLE

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with the Anglo-Saxon race. We reverently said good-bye to Oxford when our holiday there was over.

We went on to Henley and lunched at one of the beautiful by-spots of England, and then on to glorious Windsor, not noted for the beheading of any of England's kings or queens, for which let us give thanks, but interesting in the extreme from the days of William the Conqueror, who purchased it from the monks of Westminster, and extended by Henry I, Henry II, and Edward III. Windsor was a residence of the Saxon kings before the Norman Conquest, but the present castle was founded by William the Conqueror and almost rebuilt by Edward III, and since has undergone several changes. In the royal vault connected with the chapel are interred the remains of Henry VI, Edward IV and his Queen, Henry VIII and Jane Seymour, Charles I, George III and his Queen, George IV, the Princess Charlotte, the Duke of Kent, the Duke of York, William IV and his Queen. In the round tower James I of Scotland was confined. Here is the last resting-place of King Edward VII. His casket had been placed in the open vault visible to all visitors a few days prior to our visit. We entered by the Henry VIII gate, saw all of the state rooms, and the garden where Eleanor lost her garter at an evening fête—hence the Order of the Garter.

From the castle you have a charming view of Eton College. This was finished by Edward VI.

We reached our hotel, the Langham, in London, before dark. Our days in the automobile had passed like a beautiful dream; more and more do we feel that Mother England has a strong hold on our heartstrings.

After church the following Sunday we did what most English people do: took our recreation by riding through Hyde Park, Kensington, and on to Hampton Court, the palace of Cardinal Woolsey and the residence of many bygone kings. It was founded by Cardinal Woolsey in 1515 and afterward purchased by Henry VIII. In going out we went through beautiful "Bushey Park," full of pleasant rural scenes. "Hampton Court" is about twelve miles from Charing Cross. Outwardly it is one of the most comfortable looking buildings, it has charming surroundings, on the Thames, beautiful gardens—nothing more beautiful in all England—but the interior is a series of rooms turned into picture galleries, and tapestries galore, but without any earthly hint that it ever could have been a home for the living.

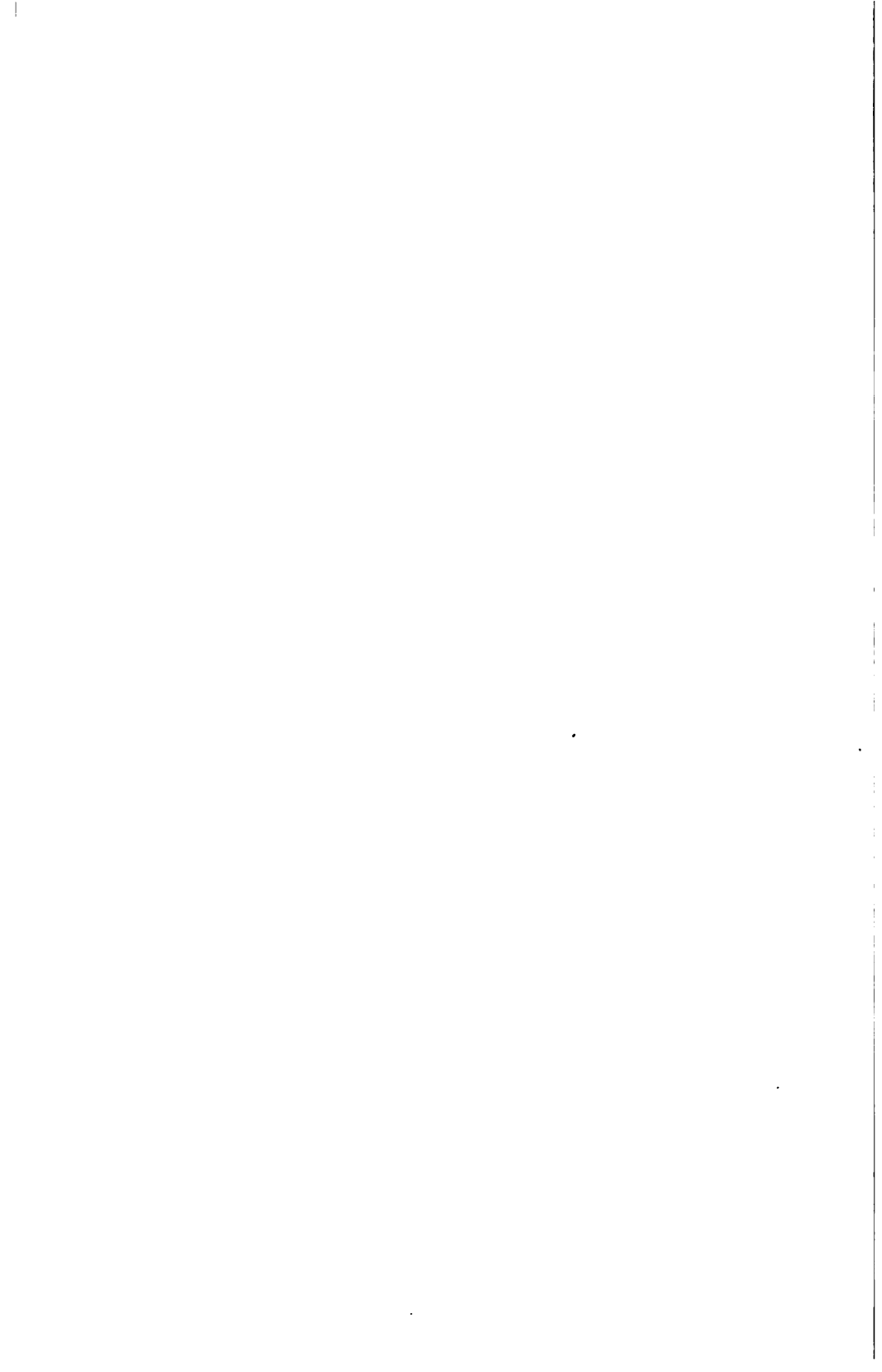
While in London we had a ride on the top of a bus to London Bridge, taking in many historic spots along the way. The days of the literati were brought very near from Chaucer down. We realized that we were in the selfsame streets where Dickens, Wordsworth, Browning, Shelley, Keats, Milton, and Charles Lamb looked through their windows out upon the passing public. The very doorways seemed haunted, and we felt that if we waited but a little their familiar forms

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would step out. Over all there is a gloom, for "passed away" is written and rewritten in London, yet it seems nearer to us than any of the other cities of the world; we can't help feeling that blood is thicker than water, notwithstanding Mother England felt it in her heart to give her children a good chastising when they left home and set up housekeeping for themselves.

To-night we leave the British Isles and old London, where we have passed wondrous days since May 8th, when we landed in Queenstown. We cross the North Sea and pay our respects to Holland in memory of our ancestors.

HOLLAND



HOLLAND

IT WAS while crossing the North Sea that our "Master" G. first called his "class" together. The others of the quartette were held to give strict account of what they had seen and remembered in their sojourn through the British Isles, and when the "Master" G. said, "Well done! good and faithful students," we went to our rest assured of what would be expected of us throughout our trip. A comfortable night trip landed us at the Hook of Holland; at five o'clock in the morning we took a train by way of Dell Haven and Rotterdam for The Hague. While in Holland we made our headquarters at the Old Doelen, and without hesitation we can say it was one of the most comfortable hotels we had found. Everybody connected with the house was polite and gracious, and the table could not be surpassed.

Our first outing was to make for the "House in the Woods." The pleasant and beautiful drive we shall not forget. We were drawn here because there was where the first Peace Congress was held. This is the palace of the Queen. We were taken from room to room. It was one of the homes of royalty where you felt that there were some rooms in which one could

settle down and have some perception of a home feeling. It surely was with reverence that we entered the room where the Peace Congress was held. The second Peace Congress was held in Parliament House, which we visited also.

One of our morning trips took us to Knights Hall, where the Fisheries Arbitration was going on. Mr. Elihu Root was representing the United States. We met his secretary and we all enjoyed a chat and a little touch of home.

One of our side trips took us to Amsterdam. We knew that the national industry and thrift of Holland reached its limit in Amsterdam, and to Amsterdam we took our way. They tell us it is built on one hundred islands artificially made by the network of canals which are spanned by scores of bridges. Many of the most famous paintings of the world are to be found in Ryk's Museum. Her national and municipal museums are world-famed. And why not? So many of the great artists of the world owe their birth to Holland. The Amsterdam Stock Exchange is a power in international finance; and her banks rank among the most important financial institutions of the world.

The House of Orange is one of the most attractive gems of Holland, and no cathedral in Europe surpasses the cathedral at Amsterdam in magnificence. Its Zoölogical Gardens, it is said, have no superior in the world. And so the hours were overfilled until we took



THE HOUSE IN THE WOODS

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our way on to Marken, a quaint and curious old island town in the Zuyder Zee. We took a small boat for ten minutes, a tram for ten minutes, and then the boat on the Zuyder for the island, a half-hour's sail. As we were gliding over the waters, my mind wandered back to my childhood and my geography lessons, when my father would give me a small coin if I would find that curious far-away sea, the "Zuyder Zee," and now I was really sailing over its crooked waters. On the island we found one of the "dead cities" of the Zuyder—because of no progress, no improvement. The great attraction of the island is the native costumes of the people. The boys and girls dress alike until they are five years old. Up to that time they are distinguished by the boys wearing a button rosette on their caps. Their primitive homes are models of cleanliness, unique in the extreme, yet you get the impression of their having been fixed to show and not to live in. That does not matter so long as you get the picture of long ago brought down to modern times. The old delft and brasses that shone like bottles made you willing to open your pursestrings.

"No, no, not for sale," was the answer.

Volendam is easily reached by steamer, and has the same typical types; Edam is a little north; Monnikendam was once an important city; Broek (pronounced Brook) is also very interesting. In all these "dams" we saw them making the Edam cheese.

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Our great desire was to see where the old fascinating delft ware is made, but we knew, and were told again, that the secrets of these old potteries in Europe were so well guarded that visitors are not allowed a look, and we also knew that many have preferred to die taking their secrets with them rather than divulge the methods, but we were allowed the privilege of seeing a fine collection at the salesrooms.

But Delfshaven itself is full of history in which every American Anglo-Saxon must always take the deepest interest. The old church where the Pilgrim Fathers held their last prayer meeting, the harbor from whence the *Mayflower* with the Pilgrims on board sailed in 1620; the house at Leyden where the John Robinson lived who prompted the Pilgrim Fathers to settle in New England; the stone in St. Peter's Church at Leyden in his memory placed there by the Congregational Churches of America, all tended to make history no longer a myth but a reality.

One of our trips out from The Hague was at Scheveningen, the show watering place of Holland, once a fishing village situated on the North Sea, three miles northwest of The Hague. It is a favorite resort for artists, and certain times of the year a rendezvous for royalty and all that follows in its wake; interesting and fascinating in the extreme when you compare the quaint natives of Marken with the fashionables that congregate in Scheveningen.

M U N I C H

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OUR trip up the Rhine took us to Cologne in time to see the town and the cathedral. Our one joy in the museum was to see the world-wide noted painting of Queen Louise.

The romantic Rhine with its historic castles brought its delight. We could imagine Charlemagne in all his glory, marching or walking before us, but we must add that the much-sung Rhine cannot compare as a river with our glorious Hudson. Its mountain fastnesses and battered castles give it its glory. An all-night ride brought us to Munich. We were in the land of old Bavaria, and we would add for the comfort of others who may take this route, no more comfortable sleeping cars can be found than on this line. We were recommended to the (Jahreszeiten) "The Four Seasons" Hotel on Maximilian Street. Yes, we surely were in a strange land; the very nomenclature of the streets told us that.

Munich, a city celebrated for its architectural splendor, for its admirable institutions, its university and works of art, held out its hand laden with riches for our entertainment. We spent our days visiting palaces,

museums, gardens. The Sunday following our arrival we were informed by the proprietor of the hotel that the Ludwig monument would be unveiled that day. The procession passed the hotel headed by the Prince Regent, who takes the place of King Otto, who is by far more of a madman than was his brother King Ludwig. The statue was unveiled by the Prince with great ceremony. Crowds upon crowds were there, showing that to-day Ludwig's memory is held in remembrance by a grateful people, who do not forget how much he did for the welfare and upbuilding of his kingdom and beautifying that part of this world over which he had control. If he was as crazy as they say, which many doubt, more's the pity that some other rulers have not a taint in their blood that would make for the betterment of their kingdoms. As the magnificent bands of Munich were filling the air with the music Ludwig so much loved, we gave thanks that melody had no dialect.

We have been forcibly reminded in our travels in Europe of the misrepresentation by comparison of American women with foreign women, especially the American voice. We have always read of the high-pitched American voice. Our experience was, and we made it a tested point on several occasions, that if you came upon a low-voiced party in railway or on the highways they were invariably Americans. We were especially struck with this in Munich. We heard so

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much of the loud, high-pitched "ja ja" that we longed to listen to the low, refined sound of a gentle "yes." And the German men! What shall we say of them? We never went into a crowd that G. did not return exhausted with his efforts to protect those in his care from the uncouth, ungentlemanly behavior of the native men. It was not an isolated case that they would elbow their way through a crowd, separating a lady from her escort. The majority of the men expect the women to make way for them.

One of our trips with our friends the R.'s of New York was to the Baths of Kreuth, sixty miles away, situated in one of the most picturesque spots among the Bavarian Alps. It is a most attractive place and our first look upon the Alps. G. was testing the chauffeur who had been engaged in New York for a four weeks' trip. Explicit orders had been given that fast driving would not be allowed, as we wished to see the country, not whirled through. The chauffeur made the sixty miles in one hour. G. very quietly said:

"Please send me another chauffeur in the morning."

Perhaps there is nothing cheers the heart like meeting old friends in a foreign land, and when the card of an old and dear friend, Mrs. B. from Washington, was sent up to me in the hotel, it was joy enough for one day.

The next day we finished our stay, riding over the city and surrounding country in an automobile, and

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bringing up at the Exposition Café for dinner. For a time we all forgot that we were so far from home; the place itself, the permanent exhibit, the marvellous tapestry—we never expect to see the like again—the entrancing music, altogether made it seem like fairy-land. We parted that night to meet Mrs. B. again in Oberammergau.

THE BAVARIAN ROYAL CASTLES OF LUDWIG OBERAMMERGAU AND THE PASSION PLAY

We had been in Munich quite a week, when on June 27th we left our hotel, the Four Seasons, en route by automobile to Oberammergau by way of the Neuschwanstein, one of the most beautiful and wonderful creations of the so-called crazy Ludwig II. Our trip took us through the picturesque Bavarian frontier town of Fussen, reaching our hotel for luncheon at the foot of the mountains; then the walk up the winding way, the view widening, the scenery more and more grand, until we passed the bridge and were in front of this wonder of wonders, this fairy stronghold, the Neuschwanstein. It is built in medieval style, standing on a rock like the eyrie of an eagle. It has many towers and turrets, pillars and terraces, which, when seen from a distance, give it a most delicate appearance. The ponderous, substantial stonework is subdued and rises fairy-like into the light-blue ether. It is five stories high; the gateway stands prominently forward,



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with the watch tower, and behind it the whole castle premises, with the palace and knights' house at the west, the ladies bower and chapel in the east; over it the defence tower sixty-five meters high.

The interior shows the spell Wagner and his music held over this supersensitive King; legend and romance must now stand realized before him. Wherever we turn the Knight of the Swan meets us. The story of Tannhäuser is depicted in his study; the curtains, pictures, and furniture are gold embroidered on green silk; and these emblems are likewise carried out on the writing material and blotting book. The chandeliers are borne by swans, the portfolios are richly adorned with precious stones and contain water-color drawings that tell the story of the Swan Knight. An artificial stalactite grotto adjoins the living-room, and in this room the Lohengrin legend in varied scenes carries out the story in Wagner's opera. These were thought out by the King with his artists. On every piece of furniture we again meet the Swan King with his swan. From every corner of the throne room cupids are peering out. The gallery is supported by sixteen reddish porphyry pillars upon which light-blue pillars supporting a second gallery are raised. The whole room is furnished in Byzantine style. The concert hall is a wonder to look at; mighty chandeliers and numerous candelabra are there for illumination. The wall paintings represent the Percival legends. At one end is the

place for the orchestra, a dias supported by pillars; another at the opposite end is for the King and his royal guests; but this hall was never used for the purpose for which it was made. The King, who always turned night into day, used to pass his time in this room alone. Sometimes he would have the whole building illuminated, when he would hie himself to "St. Mary's bridge," that spans the glen above, and view this wonderful creation in brilliancy rising up out of the depths and the darkness. His bedroom was finished in the same gorgeous golden glitter, the ceiling painted in the form of an arbor overgrown with vines; in the chandeliers, the tables, in the embroideries, curtains, carpets, peacocks and swans predominate.

The bay window is devoted to Hans Sachs and the life of the people of Nuremberg. The private chapel is out of this room. The paintings illustrate the life of Ludwig the Pious, the King's patron saint, Ludwig I. The love of Tristan and Isolde adorn the bedroom, which is a marvel in its luxury, all in the same heavy gold ornamentation style. The dining-room was represented by pictures of the Menne singers; shiny and glittering in gold were all the appointments. A room large and sumptuous enough to entertain the lords and kings of all the kingdoms contained but one small dining table, which stood in the centre on a movable platform, and would sink out of sight by the touch of a button, be supplied and sent back without attendants,

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so that the King could eat his meals without the disturbing atmosphere of mortals around him.

Nature has provided the most striking of backgrounds for this great phantasmagoria. On one side is a deep circular valley; a swift mountain stream, the Pallot, comes tumbling down from above where the mountains, snow-capped, rise above; across the gorge the fairy-like bridge seems to be hanging in the air. As we stepped out on to the balcony from the King's dressing-room, after having passed through and seen the effort of man to eclipse the world in grandeur, we looked up to the marvellous work of the Creator before us and we could but exclaim, "And yet how the handiwork of God belittles the best effort of man."

We left this fairy dream of a fantastic King with beautiful pictures photographed on our brain and took up our way, toward Oberammergau, leaving its handmaiden, Hohen-Schwanzen, under its shadow, where it has stood since the days of Maximilian II, the father of the unhappy Ludwig, and for a long time the home of the widowed Queen of Bavaria.

Again we passed through the old Bavarian town of Fussen, with its interesting old castle of Bischofsburg. The road we followed was crowned on the right and left with beautiful landscape scenery. When we reached the valley of the Ammer we soon saw the havoc the recent floods had made, but bridge after bridge that had been swept away had been quickly replaced, and

our careful chauffeur had no difficulty in piloting us safely over these troubled waters.

On entering the village of Oberammergau one's eyes are first attracted to Mount Kofel, the highest mountain, on whose uppermost peak stands a cross, at once the indicator to the world's passing troop of mortals who are flocking to this Mecca what the great lesson is to be taught by this Bavarian peasantry.

We wound our way carefully through the crooked ways, for streets, strictly speaking, are not known; the homes are known by numbers, houses set down here, there, everywhere, and anywhere, almost without form or comeliness.

The Oberammergauers have not only retained the traditions of their ancestors, but life goes on just the same as in the shadowy past when the Bavarian highlander and the Tyrolese peasant had their folk plays and religious dramas, which were a part of their simple lives. We find a village without form, and I might say comeliness, but fascinating in its traditional ugliness.

After many turns and windings of our machine, which seemed almost as much out of place as the veritable "bull in a china shop," we brought up at the home of William Lang, who is known among the brethren as "Nicodemus." How simple, how restful, it all seemed! The faces of father, mother, and children wore the expression of contentment, satisfaction, happiness. This plain but hospitable home was the perfection of clean-

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liness and good cheer. The table was a reflection of an orderly household. After luncheon we took a landau for Linderhof. Automobiles are not allowed over this royal road. We were soon passing beside the Ammer River through the ancient monastery Ettal, then along the great industrial part of this community, the lumber district. Logs which had been successfully toted down the mountainsides lay along the roadside for miles: here was their material for house building, and, more, the material for the wood carvers of Oberammergau, one of the great industries of the district. All was a new phase of life to us. Soon we were climbing into the lonesomeness of the forest where King Ludwig in his later life spent his days away from the haunts of men; and again we came upon another of the wonderful creations of an imaginative brain, the Linderhof.

This gem set among the green hills, a production of the best sculptors, the best artists, and embracing the fulfilment of an imagination that was boundless, called up the spirits of an age passed by in which he sought to give them new life in this wondrous environment, which it seems was so much more desirable to him than the social environment of his own time. He forgot his mission in the world, his duty to his country, but was far happier in a world of his own creation and alone and apart from all alliance or partnership with the world.

If there is any strong indication that would sustain the Bavarian Government in their verdict, it is that he

was lost to all responsibility toward his people, and lived entirely for self-gratification. But while he plunged deeply into debt, with no outlook of cancelling obligations, and had even contracted for another castle to excel all others, when the government felt the time had come to step in, the world knows the result: poor Ludwig could not stand the humiliation of being dethroned; despair was the fortune that he had inherited. He was placed in confinement in the Château of Berg on Lake Starnberg, attended by his physician Dr. von Gudden, and all know the result: the dead bodies of both were found floating in the lake. The real facts of this drama will never be known. One truth stands out, that poor Ludwig II, King of Bavaria, left to his kingdom a bonanza in these two castles, for we were credibly informed that long since the heavy debt Ludwig left has been paid out of the entrance receipts, and the state coffers are still being filled.

The exterior of the château is in rococo style, two stories, the façade richly decorated in figures. In the magnificent setting of terraces, fountains, grottoes, there is a bronze equestrian figure of Louis XIV. The ceilings of the château and wall paintings glorify Louis XIV and Louis XV, and rooms are also found for the portraits of Mme. de Pompadour and of Mme. Du Barry. There are statuettes of the two kings and of Marie Antoinette, and clocks, gobelins, candelabra, medallions, vases, etc.—extravagance everywhere in

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the overwhelming gold finish of ceilings and walls and royal purples. The dining-room has the same sumptuous furnishings as the New Schwanstein, and the same distaste for company is apparent in the disappearing table. It is said the interior decorations cost many million marks, and that it was built as a Petit Trianon in the style of the well-known building at Versailles where Marie Antoinette spent much of her time. In short, Ludwig II's royal châteaux have become schools of art, for everything from the keys to statues have been made in the best manner. In all the "merry-go-round" through these castles, room after room, with their high ornamentation of gold and glitter, we sometimes long for a look into one with subdued, soft, restful coloring.

We turned our faces again toward Oberammergau, over the same road Ludwig had prepared, even in summer, with snow brought from the mountains, packed hard that he might take his midnight rides in gorgeous state, with his four white steeds and gayly caparisoned outriders.

On the road we came across several boys whose long hair and bright happy faces told us they were wending their way to the village to be ready for the morning to take their rôle in the Passion Play of 1910. Some of them perhaps, in the years to come, will fill the rôle of the Christus or Herod or Nicodemus or some other leading part, for all have the hope and the inspiration

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of some day being among the chosen ones. We shall not forget one little bright face looking up to us as he was trudging on. When G. asked him if he would like to ride, a sweet smile covered his face, and the pressure of the little hand in token of his gratitude was more than words when he left us in the village.

THE PASSION PLAY

At an early hour on June 29, 1910, we had breakfasted and were waiting for the signal, the firing of cannon at the foot of Mount Kofel. At half-past seven the signal boom echoed from mountain to mountain and through this happy valley, announcing that the hour had come for the assembling of the multitude in the great auditorium. As we proceeded on our way a strange sight was before and around us. The people were coming from every direction in throngs; it seemed as though every nationality in the wide world was there represented; assuredly there was a babel of tongues. With quiet and subdued dignity they wended their way toward the coming scenes of the religious play. By eight o'clock every one of the eight thousand seats was filled, and quiet reigned—so still, so impressive—we were waiting for the revelations to come of which we had heard so often and were now to see face to face. The question uppermost in our hearts was, what will be the effect on this assemblage and on ourselves? We must wait and see.

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Before us at the end of the great building which covered this assembly is an open space that gives an outlook to the blue sky above. At the end of the auditorium proper is the orchestra in sunken seats, and not visible to the audience. Beyond is the platform and great stage outside. The stage proper is closed by a curtain, and is covered overhead and has movable scenery. On the right and left are narrow houses with balconies, which adjoin the central stage; on the left Pilate's house, on the right that of the High Priest Annas. Next to these buildings are two open arched gates which afford a view into the town of Jerusalem; in front of all is the fore stage, which is of size to hold the large chorus.

In anxious, almost nervous, expectation we sit and wait. Then come the solemn notes of the orchestra, and while listening, in measured procession from either side the chorus marches in with solemn tread; at the same time the curtain rises on the first tableau, "The Banishment of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden." This is a picture of still life. The curtain falls, rises again, another tableau is before us, "The Adoration of the Cross." There are four figures kneeling at prayer, young children are most artistically posed—the tableau is perfect.

After the curtain falls the chorus in wonderful harmony implores the audience to follow the struggle of the world's Redeemer. Now begins the drama proper

with the entry of Christ into Jerusalem; the sound of happy voices is heard, which soon assumes the tone of a hymn of praise. The curtain rises and a wonder of wonders is before us: from every direction through the streets of Jerusalem the crowd of people come pouring in; men, women, and children appear with palm branches in their hands; they stretch abroad the large stage—they are in the porches, the colonnades, every space is occupied. Five hundred men, women, and children are singing and waving palm branches. Every figure is posed to fill a certain place. Never has it been our good fortune to see such perfection on the stage, never such abundant harmony of color; not a discordant tone in all this gorgeous display of these costumes of oriental dress and coloring.

The Saviour appears amid hosannahs, riding upon an ass, clad in pale violet raiment and red mantle. He dismounts as He reaches the middle of the stage; every movement is natural and unaffected, and the whole bearing is devout. A great hush pervades the audience. There the Christ, in form and figure made familiar to us in painting and statue, stood before us, seemingly a living personality, with the long flowing hair, the same chiselled features, tenderness of expression, consummate sadness, the same that we have carried through life in mental picture—there standing before us was the human Christ!

At first there was perhaps a shock that a human

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personality should dare to try to carry out this rôle, and yet, on second thought, all we know of the form or features of Christ has been through art; some one dared to give His material reflection to the world, and we through the ages have learned to look upon that face as divine. Never will this picture fade from our minds of this city of Jerusalem, of this marvellous blending of color among the moving populace, of the waving of palm branches, and Christ in the midst of them; to our spiritual sense we were in Jerusalem.

The first act lasts until Christ has been betrayed by Judas and been taken prisoner.

After the curtain of the central stage has fallen and risen again, the porch of the temple is seen, and in it sits the money changers, and the hawkers with their lambs and doves for sale for the coming sacrificial Passover. Christ enters into their midst; until now His voice has not been heard—but now, in stern accent, He menaces them for their worldliness, He upsets their table, and after the tradesmen and the scribes have ended their violent altercation, and Christ has appealed to the people who were with Him, He takes a rope and twists it into a scourge and drives the hawkers out of the temple. The doves are set free and fly away, some of them soaring above the heads of the spectators up toward the blue heavens.

Thus begins the Passion Play at Oberammergau, with Anton Lang the spiritual and material manifestation of

Christ at Jerusalem. We were told authentically that Ludwig Lang, a wood carver of Oberammergau, Director of the Wood Carving School, is the artist who designed every one of these five hundred costumes, and that it is his sister Josepha who cut them out from her brother's drawings, to be made by the women of Oberammergau from stuffs brought from the Orient. When we are told that it is Ludwig Lang who is the moving genius behind the scenes, who is director of the play, we feel almost like imploring the manager of the theatrical artist whose late criticism of the Passion Play seems so unjust because so untrue, to go to Oberammergau, become a wood carver, take his lessons of histrionic art of Ludwig Lang; he will find among the things he did not know that no "Vienna artist" could be stage manager at Oberammergau. Perhaps when it is well known that the folk drama of Bavaria is as old as humanity itself, that plays have been a part of their uneventful lives for ages, that it has been a feature of German civilization for centuries, that Bavaria has led all other nations in her continued passion for the drama, that above all places Oberammergau with its environment has and is the only spot where the great Passion Play could or should have found lodgment, the only place where its sacredness could be protected, where commercialism does not enter, the only place where the personification of the Christ would be tolerated, the world will know and accept the story

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of this simple, earnest people, that the story of the Passion Play with all its historic truths exemplified will live when other great tragedies will be known only in tradition.

The next living picture represents the sons of Jacob taking council over the fate of their brother Joseph, and the next represents the priests and scribes discussing whether Jesus shall be put to death. Annas and Caiaphas, the former robed in white, the latter in red, each wearing a priest's high golden cap, and hawkers, Pharisees, Romans, high priests, saints, and angels are in bitter council against this Galilean, who to them threatens the overthrow of the religion of their fathers. It comes to us in the Bavarian dialect, and they effectually make it a realization that all this happened in Jerusalem centuries ago, as now it is again the living breathing reality in Oberammergau.

The next scenes—Tobias taking leave of his parents, and the bride in the Song of Solomon mourning over the loss of her bridegroom—lead the audience up to the affecting scene when Christ takes leave of His beloved disciples, and in the next scene His parting with His mother. The sympathetic love of a son for his mother is truthfully exemplified and in such masterly force and touching tenderness that every mother's heart takes courage, that the great example in the direst hour of His life did cling to and was cognizant of a mother's sympathy and love.

"Thou wilt, dear mother, suffer with me; thou wilt combat with me my death, and with me shalt thou celebrate the victory; therefore be comforted!"

The fifth group of tableau is "Christ giving the people of Israel manna, the bread of Heaven, and the grapes from the land of Canaan, typifying the bread and wine of the new covenant."

Throughout all these changes of scenes and figures the music has been in keeping with every poetic movement. The orchestra, with the chorus in soft intonations, one moment is telling the wondrous story of the past in such simple melodious passages that the soul is thrilled, and then, rising to the full orchestral effect of a grand achievement, we are told of a new life and a new heaven.

The next scene is most familiar, "The Last Supper," which is the exact copy of the picture of Leonardo da Vinci. We shrink from trying to depict the pathos of this thrilling moment: Christ, with the dignity that has become a part of his character, is seated at the table with his twelve apostles by his side carefully posed in trios, making a perfect balance of the picture, as in the original. Jesus rises from the table, girds himself with a towel preparatory to washing the feet of His disciples; slowly but with dignified grace he passes from one to another, kneeling before each, performing the lowly act of a servant, and in loving benediction gives unto each the baptism of His holy spirit. When

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the last disciple has been served He returns to His seat at the table. "He broke bread and blessed the cup." There is nothing to distract attention from the pathos of this thrilling moment, when Jesus, with outstretched arms, with a face full of suffering, betrays the knowledge of the awful doom awaiting him by the simple sentence, "One of you shall betray me." At the thrill of horror which runs through the listeners at these terrible words the character of each apostle is brought out: the loving hearted John leans toward Jesus with a gesture of sorrow, while the impetuous St. Peter whispers in his ear, and the treacherous Judas, grasping the money bag in his hand, tips over the salt with his elbow, thus originating the well-known superstition, and all the other disciples show characteristically the shock Jesus' words have given them. When he passes the bread and gives the cup, the silence in that great audience gives solemnity to this sacred scene.

In the sixth scene Judas is taking the thirty pieces of silver, then in the tableau we see Adam eating bread by the sweat of his brow, and Jesus shedding bloody sweat when praying on the Mount of Olives.

Then follows the taking of Jesus prisoner, the judgment of Christ before the tribunal, St. Peter's denial, the despair and suicide of Judas, and the realistic scene of the excitement among the throng of people stirred up by the priests when Pilate and Herod send Jesus away. All these scenes have been acted with the

greatest detail, with great accuracy and consummate naturalness.

We cannot call Anton Lang an actor; he is the living embodiment of Christ to us. The only great actor is Johann Zwink, the Judas. With supreme compassion more than one in this audience followed him with pity in their hearts. Many questions are beyond us to answer. Some one must betray the Master to carry out prophecy. Any one who has ever read the story of the other Judas, or "Give Him a Chance," can but ask, was that sacrifice also made for us?—one who had implicit confidence in Christ's power and was disappointed! As link by link Judas was being led on through the human meshes, little by little, and finally succumbing to a sordid temptation, a gentleman sitting in front of us for some time had been quietly brushing the tears away, but when the climax came he buried his face in his handkerchief and sobbed. To many this was the climax in the play.

The noon hour had come; for four hours this audience had sat there spellbound. As they quietly passed out of the building hardly a face but showed the intense emotions that had held them; all going to their quiet, peaceful little homes, to be served at the dinner in many cases by the actors in this wonderful drama.

Personally, the climax had been reached. Nothing could stir the heart and soul beyond the experiences of the morning. We had been told that there came a

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time in the afternoon before the most tragic part came on, for those who chose to leave to do so.

We next see Jesus on His way to Golgotha, bending, staggering, faltering under the weight of the cross He is carrying. Through the howling mob Mary, Mother of Jesus, catches a glimpse of Him and recognizes her Son. The cry that goes out from that wrenched soul strikes to the heart of every listener, as the Son is being prodded on by the soldiers. His last look rests tenderly on his mother, who is being supported by her women friends and the beloved John. The curtain again rises; you see the two thieves hanging there, and Christ being nailed to the Cross.

The scene that follows in all its artistic magnitude—the suffering countenance, the human cry to the heavenly Father for help, the earthly form stretched out upon the cross, the bowed head, the parting of his garments among the soldiers, the last words, “It is finished; Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit”—has left the audience at the climax of endurance.

The tenderness with which Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea take the body of their dead Lord in their arms, with Mary the mother and John and others gazing wistfully upward ready to receive the mortal part of the man they loved—the descent from the Cross—has left a picture in the mind that will never be effaced.

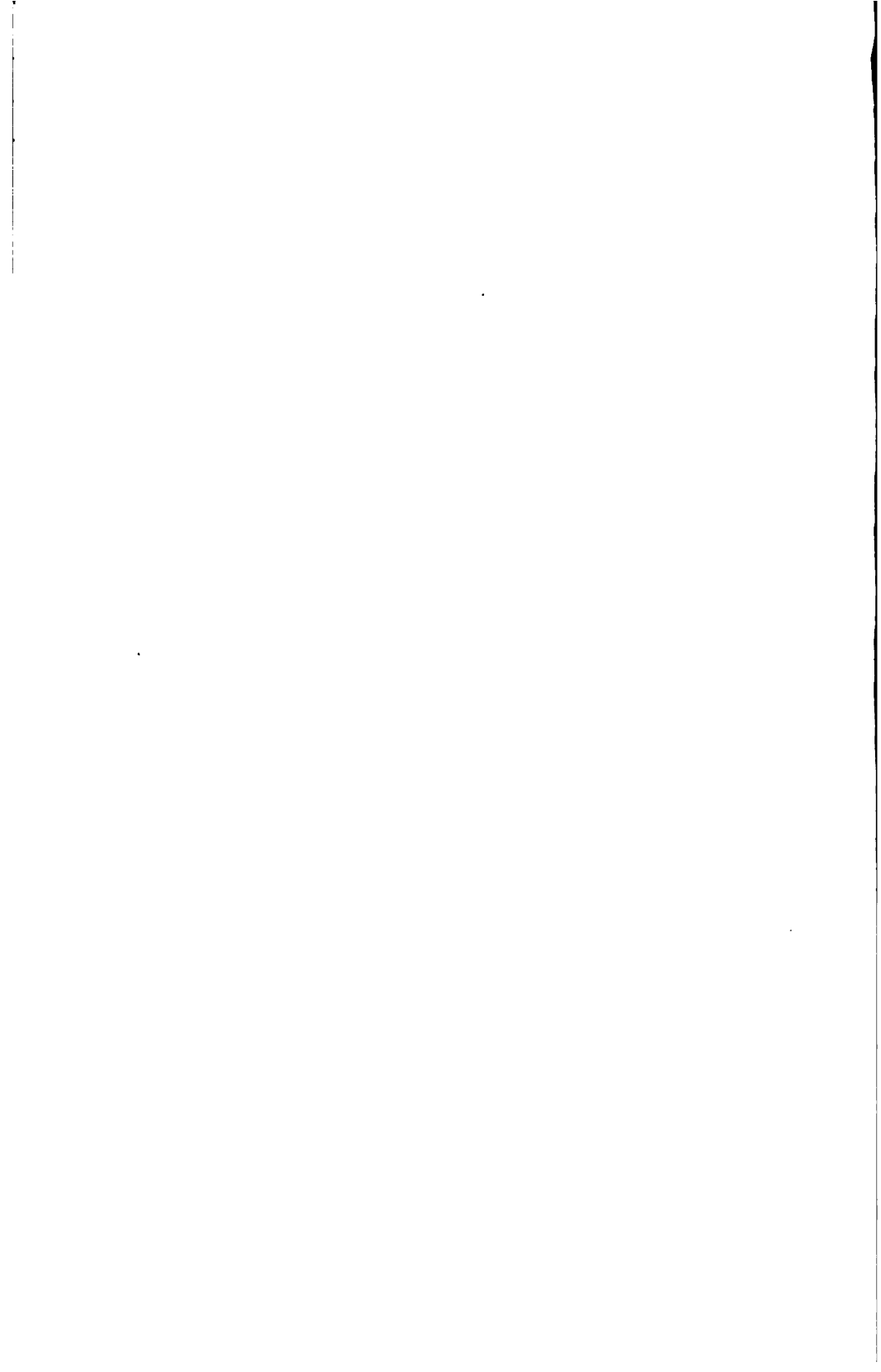
Then followed the burial and the scene at the grave,

and Christ's reappearance in the garden, and then the symbolic glorification—the final scene that of the ascension—a climax to this whole play of such significance that without it the wonderful lesson would be lost.

But one confession I must make, that in our travels in the Tyrol, through Austria, Italy, France, everywhere, by the roadside, wherever there is a shrine—and they are frequent—and the crucified Redeemer is pictured before us in its materialism, I could not again look upon it; and the inquiry in my heart is, why will they not present to us the spiritual glorified Redeemer of the ascension, for which the lesson of a life immortal is taught in the Passion Play? This faith-abiding people in that long ago made a vow that if God would save them from the plague then raging over the country they would perform every ten years as a memorial the tragedy of the Passion of His Son. The great lesson left to us does not seem to me to consist in having depicted the fickle-mindedness of the human family, the treachery of man, but in teaching the world by object-lesson the life and character of Christ, and what that life, death, and resurrection carry with them. Therefore, would it not be preferable that all materialism should be lost in the finale of the great lesson that Christ died but lives again as in the picture of his glorious resurrection?

This to me is the lesson of the Passion Play of Oberammergau.

**INNSBRUCK AND THE
AUSTRIAN TYROL
AND
DOLOMITES**



INNSBRUCK AND THE AUSTRIAN TYROL AND DOLOMITES

THURSDAY, June 30th, we bade good-bye to our new-made friends of Oberammergau, the family of Wilhelm Lang, who was "Nicodemus" in the play, and at whose home we were cared for during our stay. We had entered upon a four weeks' automobile trip and had soon reached the charming scenery of the Tyrol, and the wonders of the valley of the Zillar en route to Innsbruck. All day, Alps on Alps had risen green and snow-capped, until we reached lovely Innsbruck, tucked in between snowclad mountains. The bold-cut mountain ranges glistening with ice and snow are seen from afar looking down from their proud heights into the midst of the bustle and business of the lower world. Among them, Innsbruck is well named the pearl of the Tyrol, and it is carefully set, for it is encircled by the guardian embrace of hills and mountains, while seemingly so near they do not oppress, for the town rests in a broad valley of the River Inn.

We made our pilgrimages over the town from the Hotel Tyrol. Innsbruck contains many old-fashioned buildings and picturesque corners. A splendid view of

the Alps is obtained from Maria Therese Street, which leads into the medieval part of the town with all its architectural story and charm. From here you get the reflection from the "Goldene Dachl," which forms the end of a stately bay-window of the Herzogsburg, which dates from the fifteenth century. The roof is made of more than 3,400 gilded copper plates, and is as resplendent as when built centuries ago.

We visited the Court Church, which contains the huge tomb of Kaiser Maximilian, surrounded by twenty-eight life-sized figures in bronze—works of most artistic merit.

The hours we spent in peeping through the hedges and byways of this interesting city, the lessons that came back of the earlier days when a high potentate of Austria, Archduke Ferdinand, loitered and sought the hand of the beautiful bourgeoisie maiden, brought in a flood light of memories that had to be readjusted to time and place. The bronze monument to Andreas Hofer, on Mount Isel, brought back the intrepid leader and what he suffered.

We left Innsbruck by way of the beautiful Brenner Pass, leaving the snow-crowned mountains of Innsbruck behind us. We lunched at Mulbach at the Hotel Sonne. A sturdy looking set of people we saw as we passed township after township in these Tyrolean hills and mountains. Many of the homes are pictures in themselves. The lower story of a Tyrolean house is



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usually made of masonry and whitewashed, and above is woodwork of a brown hue. Doors and windows are painted in manifold ways, and there is always a row of flower pots on the balconies.

We are lured on through these medieval scenes and cozy villages, until, lo! we are in the land of the Dolomites. We are told by our "Master" that Dolomite came from Professor Dolomieu, the French scientist and professor of mineralogy, who discovered their formation to be a combine of carbonate of limestone and carbonate of magnesia resembling chalk. The Dolomite mountains are largely formed of that material, from which they take their name. The professor's theory is that these mountains were once submerged and built up by countless billions of small insects, the same process that builds the coral reefs. In the multitude of ridges, reaching a mile and more above our heads, we are surely looking upon castles in the air; you see obelisks and towers, pyramids, chimneys, castles with stately windows, cathedrals with nave and steeples, and it seems as though the great cathedral architects of Europe must have got their wonderful suggestions in nature's lessons written in the Dolomites. Of course, in the centuries gone the sculptors of snow and frost and rain have been behind in all this work, and they have not yet laid by their implements, for change is taking place year by year.

Our run of three hours from Toblach through this

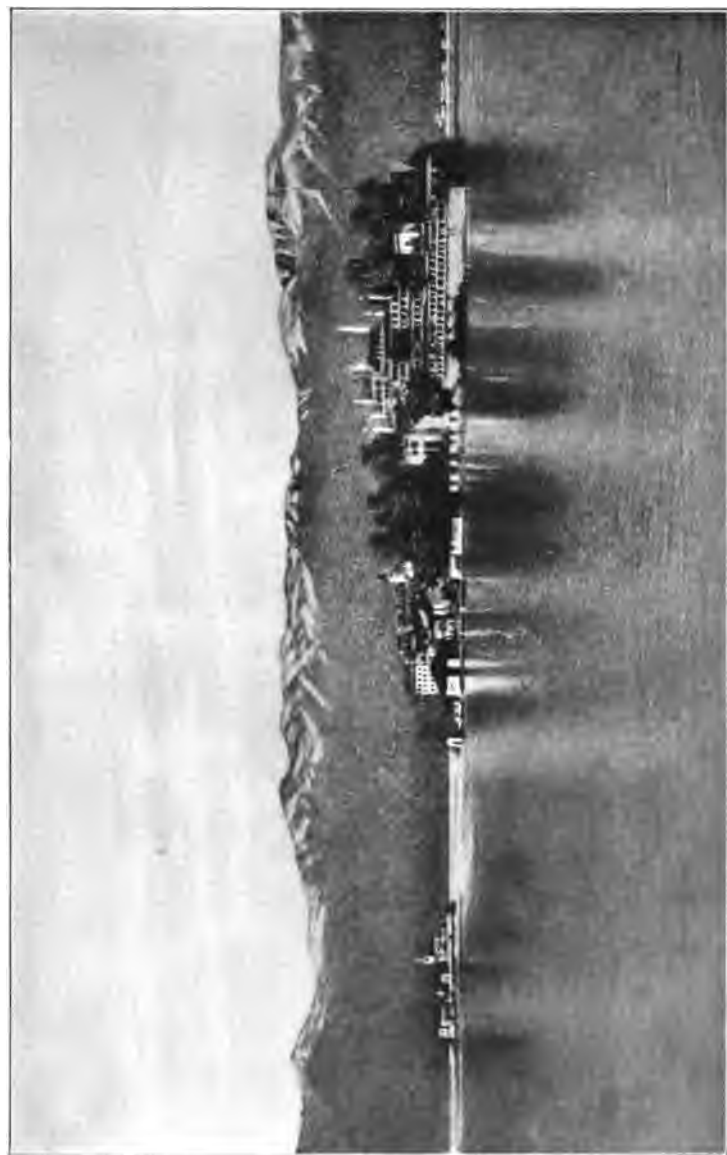
awe-inspiring scenery over the perfect Ampezzo Road was perhaps the finishing touch to this most enjoyable trip.

We reached Cortina at 4:30 P. M. This town, which once belonged to Italy, is now in Austria. Our stopping-place was just outside the village at the Hotel Faloria, situated on the side of the mountains. Many Americans are visitors at this house, and here we had our first sight of the evening or afterglow of the Alps—beautiful beyond expression; domes and spires miles away were brought close to hand, and, beyond, the blue skies of Italy, then the threshold of mystery.

When we sat down to the table in the dining-room we gave thanks that chickens and eggs did not change with the transfer to different countries, as do language and money.

We did not forget that in this vicinity at Pieve di Cadore Titian was born and reared, and here he first brought forth his God-given talent. As this part of this country belonged to Italy at the time, it was most natural that he should be called a son of Venice after his years of masterly work which made him the light of the world in art.

On leaving Cortina we entered the Falzarago Pass; again we were in the wonderful Dolomite region. Up, up, we went into cloudland, with snows beneath us; smoothly our auto climbed these heights; surely we had reached the pearl of the Tyrolean Mountains; after



ISOLA BELLA. LAKE MAGGIORE

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INNSBRUCK AND THE AUSTRIAN TYROL

a three hours' climb we dropped down to Botzen among the vineyards of northern Italy.

Our comfortable home at the Hotel Bristol brought us into touch again with friends from America and letters from dear friends at home. We motored to Meran and took in the many attractions that called our citizen Stoddard to give up life in America to make his home here for years.

We left Botzen July 4th and crossed Mendal Pass, and reached Sondria that night. Out of our hotel windows in the morning we had a view of the marvellous statue of Garibaldi. This attractive little town is also nestled in a valley surrounded by its protectors, the mountains. Often during these "Rip van Winkle" rides over these mountain passes did the marvellous feats of Hannibal come to mind, and his march through Italy, and his comment on what he called a defeat by Fabius.

"I told you," he said, "the cloud of the mountains would shed its lightnings."

And so they do to-day; and the highways of travel over the Alps made possible by Napoleon brought forth a flood of recollections which kept mind and heart astir.

Our next objective point was Lake Como. Every rod of the way was so attractive that the ride of one hundred and fifty miles seemed short. We found a complete resting-place at the Grand Hotel Villa d'Este. The following day we reached Stresa on Lake Maggiore.

While being detained there for repairs on the road over Mendal Pass, we visited the island "Isola Bella," of world-wide fame, and the castle berg, attractive and made famous by its beautiful garden and rare plants and trees. To wander along the shores at twilight, hear the gentle lapping of the oars mingled with the songs of the boatmen far and near—for Italians are singing ever—to do this in an atmosphere laden with the scent of roses, with the mountain sentinels sinking into the shadows of night, is to get a faint glimpse at least of the charm of which the poets have sung for centuries upon centuries. The surroundings are considered by many the most attractive in the world. And then the Simplon Pass, made passable by Napoleon, demands quite as much admiration as the Simplon Tunnel, a later achievement. Over this pass we began our steady way on July 8th, stopping for lunch at Brigue, and reaching Montreux at sunset. Never shall we forget that golden sunset over Lake Geneva. After being a "shut-in" for three weeks in the mountains, every ray seemed like a love message from our far-away Western home.

The next morning a beckon from our "Master" put us in readiness for our onward trip to Chamonix, a stop at Geneva for lunch and on across the Rhone, through the Mont Blanc gorge, reaching our hotel before dark, blessed with a perfectly clear sky. The afterglow on Mont Blanc was one rarely to be seen, we were told, and surely never to be forgotten. G., with the chauff-



SAUSSURE MONUMENT
Chamonix

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feur, climbed up the Mer de Glace, the rest of us content to be lookers-on; the satisfaction of which words cannot express. We are glad to think of her there as steadfast, unchangeable, where neither strife nor politics nor power can take away her glory.

We left Chamonix at 9:00 A. M. and lunched at Albertville, and at 4:00 P. M. we stopped for rest and tea at the Château Chateaubriant, and then on for the Dauphine Chartreuse route in search of Hotel Chartreuse, a monastery transformed into a hotel, which flaming posters had announced en route. The wild ride up the gorge, the most beautiful of any yet seen, but weird and uncertain; every turn in the road called for a toot of the "emperor's horn" from the "Master" to warn others—darkness coming on and rain setting in—it was so weird and "scary" that it was all most enjoyable. We reached the Chartreuse, but no transformation had taken place and no place for travellers! We were directed through a short gorge to an old-fashioned tavern, clean and wholesome, where they cared for the travellers bound for Charteux. We dropped into Grenoble the next day; our southernmost point of this route had been reached. We were 290 miles southeast of Paris. The old port on the north side of the River Isere has interesting buildings, halls of justice, episcopal palaces, convents, and arsenals and citadels. The city seems to be famous for the manufacture of kid gloves. As we were passing through a street that led out of the city

we were struck by the women on the narrow sidewalk with their small round sewing machines, making gloves. I remarked that I never knew the famous Grenoble gloves were "farmed out" to be made, as was the old-time way of shoe binding in the United States. A few rods farther on, in a barnyard, surrounded by geese, chickens, turkeys, and pigs, sat a woman with her sewing machine, her lap and hands filled with long white gloves, going through the process of manufacture. But let us look at the other side of these women's lives. Their work was brought to them, and when completed was gathered up; they were elbow to elbow, and chatted and gossiped in a neighborly way, and then the few pennies that came into the larder helped in the purchase of life's necessities. But we noticed the same lack of grass, trees, and flowers that we had noticed so much in the villages on the way. Houses built of gray stone, solidly and together, one straight street, barns and stables an adjunct—we often remarked how we would like to set those people down in many of the attractive villages of the United States, every home having its lawn and shade trees, playgrounds and parks. It was suggested that this old-world plan of crowding together was for protection while the tilling of the land was being done miles away.

July 13th brought us to Aix les Bains, the pleasant rendezvous of Europe for health and recuperation. A charm hung over the place, but of course to an American



ON WAY TO BATH
Aix-les-Bains

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it struck us as novel to see patients in the fashionable hotel prepared in their rooms for a bath and placed in a chair surrounded by curtains, let down in an elevator, wheeled some squares away, where they were put through the process, and returned; and undoubtedly in time restored to health, or Aix les Bains would not have so many annual visitors. We recalled the many springs of this kind in our land where luxury, good living, and health-giving baths are all to be found under the same roof, and no exposure to the outside world.

The next day we were again back in Geneva at the Hotel Beaux Revage. During this stay we took the occasion to call at the Château de Lancy, a short drive out of town, charmingly situated, a school for boys where Mrs. B., the friend we met in Munich, had placed her two boys years before under the tutorage of Mr. and Mrs. Brunel. The location is superb, and off to the east Mont Blanc again gives us welcome.

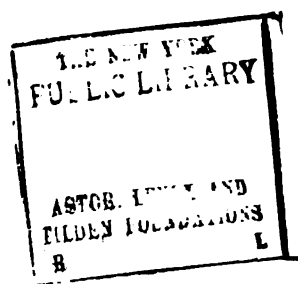
The 15th of July we found ourselves in Berne, and of course we found our way to the bear garden, and while waiting for the clock to strike twelve to see the bears fed (one of the things to do in Berne), we saw a baby bear up a tree try to come down; he swung with his forepaws but could not reach the lower limb; he cried like a child. The old bear came out, scolded him, and probably told him what to do. He moved along the limb, tried again, and when he found he had clutched the lower limb, he laughed aloud like a baby, and the

old bear stood with open arms to receive him. The bear is the heraldic animal of Berne, hence its name. The high clock tower built by Berchtold in 1191 is near the centre of the city. Every hour its works set in motion puppets which represent a cock, a procession of bears, and a bearded old man with an hourglass, who strikes a bell, and of course hundreds on the way to and fro stop to see it perform.

Berne is beautiful in its situation, as most Swiss cities are, hid in among the Bernese Alps. A day's ride through quaint villages and along fields busy with harvesters brought us to Basle, where we stopped at the Three Kings Hotel, which stands on the banks of the Rhine. The river makes a sudden turn here and takes a course to the north to the outlet. After leaving Basle en route for the Black Forest, we lunched at Freiburg, and reached Titisee in the Black Forest July 17th, after crossing a pass over the mountains. It was Sunday, and all the peasants were in holiday peasant dress, which was most interesting. The place is beautiful and unique for situation, but is merely the gateway to the Black Forest. The next day we came to Triberg, lunched at the Central Hotel, and walked over the town, took in the falls, and reached Baden-Baden for the night. We had passed through sylvan glens, glorified passes, vineclad valleys, cultivated fields, flowering meadows, homes in the country, mountains somewhat in the distance covered to the summit in everlasting



HOME OF ALBRECHT DÜRER



INNSBRUCK AND THE AUSTRIAN TYROL

greenery; and all this glorious beauty is the Black Forest.

We reached Heidelberg July 20th in a pouring rain, and rode up the mountains to Hotel Schloss. The Schloss gardens and the castle occupied us the next forenoon. At night—we shall never forget the scene before us and under our feet.

We stopped the next night at Wurzburg to shorten our trip to Nuremburg, which we reached in due time for lunch, and drove over interesting, smelly old Nuremburg to the royal castle, to the home of Albrecht Dürer, and to all the interesting points of which Nuremburg is full. We rested for the night through a fearful storm that did much damage and uprooted trees that filled the roads, but did not dismay our careful chauffeur.

Our ride back to Munich after our four weeks' trip was most delightful, showing no weariness or want of enthusiasm for the days gone by—merely extreme delight.

Our auto trip was finished. What we had seen of Oberammergau, the Ludwig Castles, the Tyrol, the Dolomites, the Dauphine, and the Black Forest are memories to-day, but living pictures are on the brain.

LAKE CONSTANCE AND ITS ENVIRONMENT

After another stop-over of a week in Munich we took the train to Landau, boarded the steamer for a sail down the lake to Constance, and stopped overnight at

the hotel See, beautifully located on the lake. The morning was spent in reconnoitring the town, and at twelve o'clock we were on our way to Schaffhausen and on to Newhausen and the Rhine Falls. The balconies from our rooms at the hotel looked directly on the fascinating panorama of the Rhine Falls, which begin at the foot of Lake Constance. The mind cannot draw a more entrancing picture of fairyland than was offered us on this moonlit night with the falls below us illuminated with many colored lights thrown upon the rushing waters and the clouds of spray, bringing out the lofty banks capped in one place by a castle-like structure. One who is fortunate to be here on such a night will carry with him a picture never to be forgotten. The waters of the lake are supplied from the Alpine glaciers. The Rhine proper is not navigable until after it tumbles down these most beautiful banks.

Monday, August 1st, found us in beautiful, restful Lucerne, in the Palace Hotel, on the border of the lake. Lucerne is filled with interesting points for the traveller. Our first venture was to visit the Glacier Gardens of Lucerne. Nowhere that we know does one get so perfect an object-lesson of the glacier mills as here at Lucerne. The pots, or glacier holes, owe their existence to the whirling of stones driven round and round by the force of melted ice. These stones, whirled around by the water, ground the rock and polished it as you see it here. On this small area of ground you

INNSBRUCK AND THE AUSTRIAN TYROL

can read the pages of the history of the earth. In these glacier mills we have the débris left by the ice that once covered the northern hemisphere. Here we find other pages as well; one dates from the period when the waters covered the land, another when tropical heat produced tropical forests; so we see the changes that have come upon the face of the earth in all these millions of years. Surely these were in the long bygone days when these glaciers were descending from the Alps that the mills of the Glacier Garden were formed.

THE LAKE DWELLERS

Some years ago I wrote for the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* a short history of lacemaking, or "Dreams in Woven Thread." My data for facts came from the exhibit in the Smithsonian Institution. The first note of its history was from a small dark brown piece of netting taken from the relics of the Lake Dwellers of Lake Zurich. What was my delight to find in passing through the Labyrinth, or Moorish palace, a model of one of these lacustrine settlements; at some distance from the shore of the lake square low huts made of plaited clay and straw, built on wooden structures; a long narrow bridge connects this wooden island with the shore. This was a protection against man and beast, and here their industries were carried on, and, lo! a piece of the fish-net, such as the Smithsonian had secured, and the first step that led up to the perfection of lacemaking,

AFOOT AND AWHEEL IN EUROPE

"The Old Rose Point" of Venice, was in the case before us. In the cabinet against the wall can be seen and studied characteristic fragments of the industries of that people.

THE LION OF LUCERNE

Of course, the great attraction of the Garden is the Lion monument made by the renowned Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen, which is familiar to every school child. Above this lion, carved in the rock, are these words,

"To the fidelity and bravery of the Swiss,"

and underneath the names of the twenty-six officers who fell on that terrible day.

We heard the organ recital at the Hofkirche (Coast Church) and rode up the funicular to Hotel Somberg, where we had luncheon and took in the most lovely visions of mountains and lakes. We were of one opinion: Lucerne is a dream.

August 4th, en route to Interlaken. We ascended Mount Pilatus, 7,000 feet, on the cog road, seemingly straight up in the air. On, on, we went for three miles to Brienz. Here in these beautiful mountain paths we heard for the first time, through the Alpine horn, the Swiss "Yodle." It touched the mountains across the valley and the echoes in sweet tones returned to us. Again friends from America made the time short before we had to drop down again 7,000 feet into the valley.



THE LION OF LUCERNE

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INNSBRUCK AND THE AUSTRIAN TYROL

Our next objective point was Interlaken, where for two days we stopped at the Victoria, and then settled down for a month at the Regina Hotel—Jungfrau Bleck—one of the most satisfactory hotels we had found in Europe. Never was there a “bonnier setting.” The night we settled down and for the time called it home, the bride Jungfrau changed her morning dress of pearly white for a most gorgeous pink and stood forth in all her glory to welcome us. The crescent moon was at our right, just above the mountaintop over Lake Thune, the evening star keeping vigil over this varied scene of beauty; mountains, lake, Jungfrau, new moon, evening star, village in the valley—a picture photographed for all time.

By landau we rode through the Lauterbrunnen Valley and pronounced it the gem of all the beautiful valleys we had seen. We saw the Staubbach Falls leap in beautiful cascades from a height of 985 feet and fall in spray at our feet, but the most astounding of nature’s work that we witnessed was the Trummelbach Fall from the Jungfrau glacier. For ages that old mountain has supplied the water for this fall, and here you can witness the glacier mill in full operation: one of the gigantic pots, and the millstone being whirled around and around and polished by the force of the melted ice. So we have a small glimpse of what went on for centuries in Lucerne, which is now removed by miles from any glacier cliffs.

Another interesting trip we took during our stay was up the funicular for Harder-Kulm, 1,325 feet. It was so straight up in the air you felt like holding fast to keep from pitching forward, but it paid, for a more magnificent view could not be had of Interlaken and the Jungfrau range. We had our tea on these heights, and returned in time for dinner. The trip was very satisfactory, but exhausting, as most mountain trips usually are.

Another day we again went up the Lauterbrunnen Valley, took the funicular for Murren, where the Bernese Alps stood out in all their glory; another day by carriage up the Grindelwald Valley to the upper glaciers.

September 1st, after four weeks' stay in Interlaken, we had to say good-bye to the Jungfrau; for two days she had hidden her face behind a cloud, and if she felt as we did, it was because she had to say good-bye.

We took our way over the Bernese Overland and reached Montreux at 5:00 P. M. We found the same rooms awaiting us that were ours in July.

Among the many interesting points to visit, of course the Prison of Chillon was one. We went through the winding meshes of that historic castle, notable for the absence of implements of torture such as we had seen at Nuremberg and the London Tower. We again took the steamer for Lausanne, and from there another, and crossed the lake to Evian, a beautiful sail and wonderful

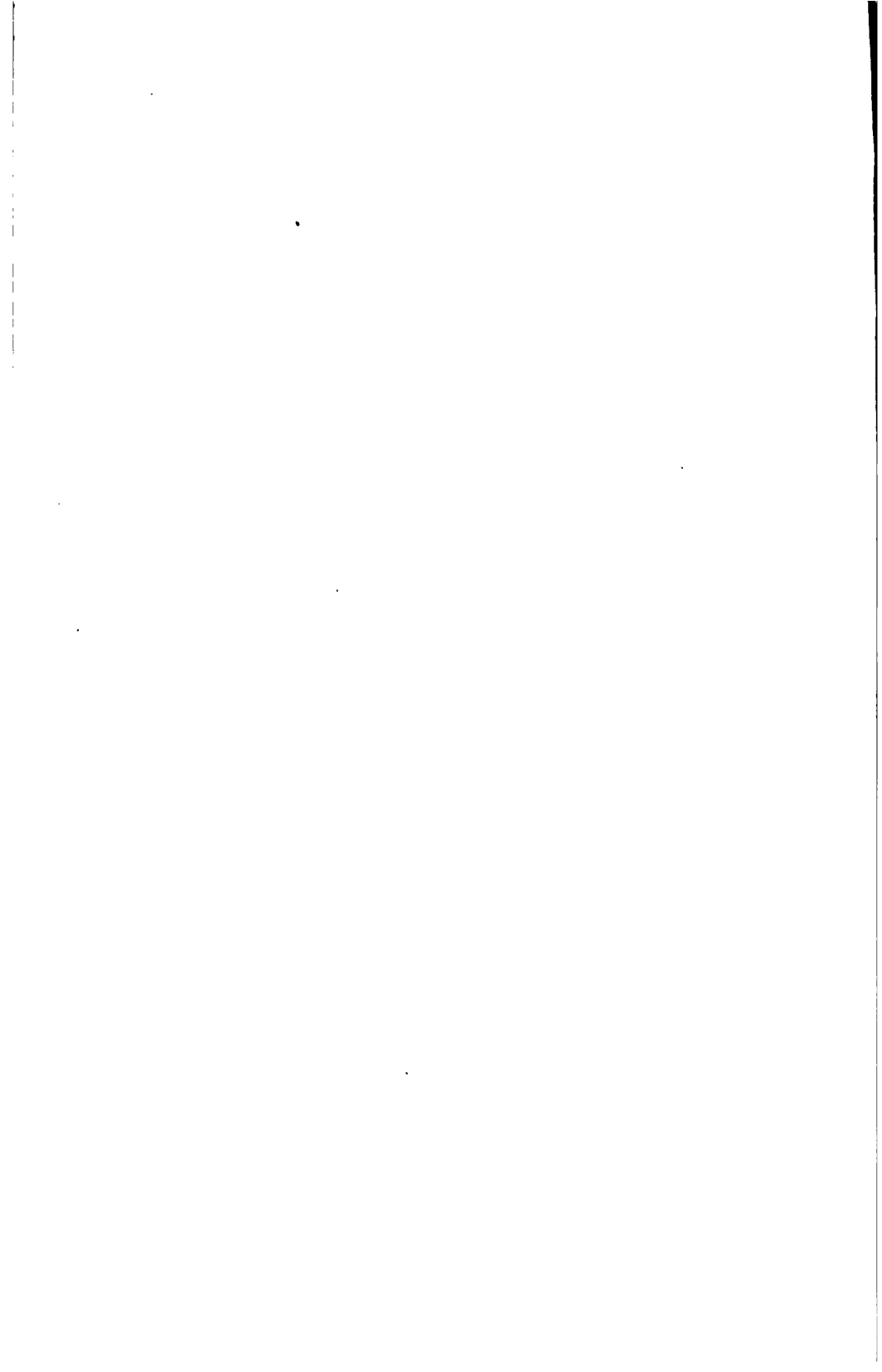
environments. Again we had put our foot in France, and it was satisfactory. Upon our return to, and a day's rest in, Montreux, where we feasted our eyes on the mystic blue waters of Lake Geneva and the mighty Alps along its shores, we embarked again, this time for Geneva. Here we met an old friend, Dr. Alice B. from Washington, with whom I drove to Coppet, where we visited the *château* celebrated as the residence of Madam de Stäel, daughter of Necker, the minister of Louis XVI, and, of course, known as the author of "Corinne" and many other remarkable works. The *château* is kept as near as possible as in the days of her occupancy, and the fresh flowers—surely the touch of a woman's hand—scattered through the rooms gave a home atmosphere to the place. She is buried in the park beside her father, M. Necker.

Our return brought us through Ferney, noted for the *château* which was the residence of Voltaire. Added to this long-to-be-remembered little tour up Lake Geneva was one across the lake to *Château Belle Rêve*. For many years we had both known of this beautiful resting-place, for each of us had many American friends who had found this a heavenly haven. We were received cordially by the presiding genius of this fairy spot. The entrancing history as related by her of its occupation by the French, the strolls over the beautiful classic grounds, and the hours of rest and delight have left beautiful memories of *Belle Rêve* and

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its charming hostess. We parted with our friend to meet again in Paris. Our days in Geneva were full of rest and interest, and Switzerland fulfilled our every expectation. We took up our journey September 9th and made our way to Paris.

**THE CHATEAUX OF
THE LOIRE**



THE CHÂTEAUX OF THE LOIRE

THE days in Paris passed with delight, as most days pass in that fascinating city. But Paris, as we have found, is not all France, and so we were led by a golden cord into nearby ways.

"Yes, Aunt Mary, we will auto through the châteaux district of the old kings and queens of France," said J. "We can go at our leisure, stop when and where we please, have plenty of time to repeople these old castles with the kings and queens of departed days, bring back the young artistic life of the sixteenth century, and as the days go by you must tell the story we will hoard up and be ready to answer the 'Master's' questions when he calls his class together."

Thus it came that one golden morning we motored out of Paris, bound for the Châteaux of the Loire. We had arranged for the five days' auto trip through the historical châteaux district; we reversed the trip ordinarily taken by way of Versailles and made our way to Fontainebleau and Orleans. Memory was now on the alert to recall what we knew of the early history of this château, or, it seemed to us, to be more in keeping to call it palace. We knew Fontainebleau occupied the

site of a fortified château which was founded by Louis VII, who died in 1180. This palace was built by François I, and here he received Emperor Charles V in 1539; in 1601 Louis XIII was born here, and in 1602 Henri IV caused the arrest of his companion in arms, Marshal Biron, on a charge of high treason. Biron was beheaded in the Bastille a month later. In 1685 Louis XIV signed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The great Condé died here in 1686, and we have regretful memories that it was here, in this palace, that the sentence of divorce was pronounced against the Empress Josephine. Here, too, lived Marie Louise, and can we wonder that she took her boy back home to Austria, and that the time came that she would not even write to Napoleon? And within, too, are the apartments of Marie Antoinette; and we do not forget that she made sacrifices to help America. Then come the apartments that were occupied by Catherine de Médicis, who died in 1588, and by Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV, who died in 1666, and by Pope Pius VII, who was a prisoner here from June, 1812, to January, 1814.

It is an object-lesson in the fine arts to go through the rooms in this palace—the fine paintings, priceless tapestries, statuary, stately furniture—but not one room that does not bring remembrance of suffering and heartbreak. And where do we look for the balance sheet? The grounds are extensive and beautiful, but as we leave all these, memories come back and we wonder what the an-

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swer would be if one who participated in the grandeur of those centuries would be asked to come back to repeat it.

Our faces were turned toward Orleans, which we reached that night. Of course the dominating thought was Joan of Arc, Maid of Orleans. We saw her statue, occupying a most prominent position on the public square; we went through the museum filled with curiosities, documents, and works of art referring to her heroism. The superstitions that governed those in power in Paris, the suffering and horror that was brought about, the falling short of comprehending what this girl saw and what she achieved by listening to some small voice and carrying out its mandates, found no place in the hearts of brutal men, and so they murdered her; but in a later day France awoke to the atrocities, and has tried to make amends by erecting in Paris and Orleans equestrian statues in commemoration of the sacrifices she made for her country, and to-day no name stands higher on the roll of honor than that of Joan of Arc, Maid of Orleans.

After a night of rest, and a visit to the cathedral, we turned our faces toward Blois, with history and memories of the past for future thought of old Orleans.

BLOIS

The history of the Château de Blois in the sixteenth century would be a fair history of the whole of France. We pass over the early days when this site was ruled

by the Romans, and the royal châteaux of France served as fortresses. Charles d'Orleans, on his return from England, lived at Blois, and in 1462 his wife gave birth to a child, afterward known to the world, in 1498, as King Louis XII. Queen Claude was the daughter of Louis XII and became the wife of Francois I, and here they lived until near the end of his life, when he lived at Chambord and Fontainebleau. Francois I undoubtedly was the founder of the beautiful in art in France. In passing through these absorbing châteaux one is struck by the classic lines of art and beauty prevalent everywhere; almost a divine touch to every expression, in every change he wrought in the gloomy fortress homes with their embattlements, turrets, and moats, which he transformed into artistically decorated manorial châteaux. Forest and stream added to the beauty of the scene, every vantage point was held in mind, and, lo! the miracles in stone that are the delight of the traveller to-day.

Blois has passed through many vicissitudes; one of the most tragic was the assassination of the Duc de Guise almost under the eyes of Henry III, while his brother, the Cardinal de Lorraine, was thrown into prison and murdered the next day. Catherine de Médicis, who at this time was very ill, died a few days later. Louis XIII had his mother, Marie de Médicis, shut up here, and after two years' imprisonment she escaped. Gaston d'Orleans, brother of Louis XIII, lived here



LAFAYETTE'S GRAVE
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later; then came more changes and adornment, and here we come upon the architectural touches of Francois Mansart. Gaston's death interrupted many of his plans. It was here, soon following that, that Louis XIV in passing through Blois first met Mlle. de la Vallière. After Gaston's death it was no longer used as a residence, and is now owned by the state. Anne of Brittany died here.

The most interesting parts of the château are the apartments occupied by Catherine de Médicis; the world-renowned staircase built by Francois I, outside, carved and ornamented with statuary; one writer said, "The stairs wind upward, folding their central shaft like the petals of a tulip," and this lovely adornment came from the design of Leonardo da Vinci. The Salamander is carved everywhere. In the courtyard is a statue of Louis XII, who was a native of Blois and loved it, and was among the first to beautify it.

Blois was a place of royal pageants and ceremonies. In the year 1501 a great company had assembled in the hall of the château, whose walls had been hung with cloth of gold in honor of the coming of the Archduke Philip of Austria. King Louis and the Queen, Anne of Brittany, were there with their lords and ladies, and four and twenty little girls, besides, to attend them. Everything passed off in a solemn and proper manner until Claude appeared carried in her nurse's arms; and the story runs that the little highness did not like so

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much display and put forth her voice with great emphasis; whereupon all the four and twenty little girls, maids of honor, forgetting decorum, rushed over to console and comfort her. This was Claude, the wife of Francois I, in embryo.

In 1814 Regent Marie Louise established here the seat of government, and in 1870 it was occupied by the Germans.

CHAMBORD

Chambord was an ancient hunting seat of the Comtes de Blois, and was rebuilt in 1549 by Francois I. He had a strong love for the beautiful in architecture, and he became a great builder; not one project would be completed ere another would loom up in the air. The only clue to any reason for this beautiful château in this forest region was his love for hunting. Here he carried out his desire of creating a fairy palace on these unattractive plains of Salogne, and the Renaissance, the revival of letters and arts, the style of architecture that succeeded the Gothic, was here to receive its triumph. History tells us that 1,800 hands worked on it fifteen years. Perhaps the point that stands out to all visitors is another of the marvellous staircases of Francois I, representing a gigantic fleur-de-lys in stone, where those who ascend do not come in contact with those who are descending. Here we see in most conspicuous places the letter "F" and the Salamander, the almost

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sacred emblem of Francois I. We wonder if this meant that he would hint to the world that he came out of the vices of the world unscathed. There are forty-three staircases in this structure, and 365 rooms with fireplaces. The interior of the château is left entirely bare, with the exception of the apartments of Louis XIV, which he had fitted up in keeping with the time. It was purchased by subscription and presented to the Duc de Bordeaux on his birth, and he assumed in consequence the title of Comte de Chambord. The government has several times made attempts to rescue it, but it continues to belong to the ducal house of Parma of Austrian nationality. Wait until some national strife turns on a new light for new developments.

CHAUMONT

Originally Chaumont was a feudal castle. In the fifteenth century the château belonged to the Amboise family. Pierre d'Amboise, having taken part in the league called the "Public Weal," Louis XI punished him by confiscating and destroying Chaumont. In years following he gave back the domain to his old enemy and authorized the reconstruction of Chaumont. Pierre d'Amboise died in 1473 without having been able to carry out the reconstruction. Charles II, his son, commenced the transformation into the magnificent building of to-day, a cross between the early fortresses of the Middle Ages and the early Renaissance.

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Charles II of Amboise succeeded his father in 1481; he received King Louis XII and his uncle, Cardinal Georges d'Amboise, here at Chaumont. In 1560 Catherine de Médicis purchased Chaumont. She never lived here, but after the death of her husband, Henry II, she caused her rival, Henry II's mistress, Diane de Poitiers, to vacate Chenonceaux, where Henry had kept her in luxury, and to take Chaumont in exchange. Chaumont passed through various vicissitudes, and many families came into possession as the years went by. In 1758 it was purchased by Jacques le Ray, who built a pottery manufactory at Chaumont. The celebrated Italian, Nini, had the pottery in charge and was the artist who brought out the charming medallions in terra cotta which have now become so rare and so much sought after. Benjamin Franklin later visited Chaumont and Nini executed a portrait of him. Later, the son Le Ray gave refuge there to Mme. de Stael, who was pursued by the hatred of the Emperor Napoleon.

Chaumont is owned by Prince de Broglie. The furniture and artistic objects which now embellish this historical place were many of them once owned by Catherine de Médicis and Diane de Poitiers.

CHENONCEAUX

No château that we saw surpassed Chenonceaux in every appointment. We rode through a magnificent

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avenue of plane trees which lead to the gate of the park containing over three hundred acres. Here the visitor alights. Through the park you walk under plane trees again which end only at the fore-court of the château. The whole construction is one of artistic beauty. The Renaissance style of architecture is carried out throughout the building, a relief to the feudal structures, with their donjon towers, which always suggest a preparation for strife and turmoil. The originality of the situation built in part across the river Cher is very attractive.

In 1496 the domain was acquired by Thomas Bohier, who was receiver-general of finances in Normandy. He acquired the property from the De Marques family, in whose possession it had been since the thirteenth century. As the years went on the many changes undertaken ran the estate so in debt that his son surrendered it to the king in order to pay the debts. The Constable Montmorency took possession of it in the king's name in the year 1535. Francois I often came here to hunt. It passed into the hands of Henry II at his father's death. The world knows of his placing his mistress, Diane de Poitiers, in this palace; she had the arches of the bridge over the Cher built. At the death of Henry II, Catherine de Médicis found her day had come for revenge for the days of heartache she had suffered. She obliged Diane to give up Chenonceaux and live at Chaumont.

Catherine had constructed a long gallery on the bridge

erected by Diane, and here were placed many of the works of art of the day for which Francois I had become famous for gathering together. Chenonceaux passed into many hands, and at last, in 1891, it fell into the hands of an American, Mr. Terry. The château is still incomplete, and is said to have already cost more than two million francs.

AMBOISE

In the first century a château existed on the hill where Amboise stands. The town was built by Cæsar and his name is given to a part of the hill. St. Martin established a church here. In 882 the town was ruined by the Normans. The castle was rebuilt by the Comte d'Anjou toward the end of the tenth century. In 1434 Charles VII added Amboise to the royal domain by confiscation, and from this date the château attained royal importance. Louis XI lived here before becoming a recluse in the Palace of Tours. Charles VIII was born here in 1470, and died here 1498. He began the reconstruction and employed various designers and painters from Italy. Louis XII made his home here for some time. Francois I lived here in his childhood with his mother, Louise of Savoy, and his sister Margaret. Francois I was born at Cognac. He was the only son of Charles Count of Angoulême. After the death of two sons born to Louis XII he made his relative, Francois, Duc de Valois and married him to his daughter

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Claude, and selected him as his successor to the throne. Francois I introduced the French Renaissance. Wherever he lived he gathered treasures of art around him. It will be remembered that he brought Italian artists from Rome to carry out his artistic tastes, among them Leonardo da Vinci. It was after da Vinci's alliance with Francois I that he painted Mona Lisa. It is said she was the one woman whom he worshipped, and when he had worked over her picture for months, Francois came to his studio to have it removed to the art gallery. Leonardo burst into tears, and Francois told him to retain it as long as he lived, which he did. After all the vicissitudes of capture, etc., it still hangs in the Louvre. We have profound respect for Francois I for his unchanging devotion through the years to Leonardo da Vinci. Visitors at Amboise can see the Château de Clos, near his own castle of Amboise, where the painter is said to have died in the arms of Francois. His grave and monument are in the grounds of Amboise.

Francois I died at Rambouillet, and Henry II was upon the throne; his wife was Catherine de Médicis. One of the darkest hours that ever fell upon this fair earth was brought on at Amboise by Catherine de Médicis, Queen Regent, who ruled with the iron hand of a despot. From her came the edict to murder and assassinate the Huguenots. The balcony is shown where this awful massacre took place and where the dead bodies were thrown into the river. Here it was

that she compelled her son Francois II and his young wife, Mary Queen of Scots, to witness the horrors that took place there, until her husband carried her away in a dead faint. When the butchery was over and the headless bodies were floating in the river or strung up on the branches of trees, Catherine retired. This stone balcony, now as then, borders the state apartments on the riverside. Down some hundreds of feet, over ragged rocks, these bodies were strewn. It is remembered that these people were induced to come here through treachery and false statements that they were called to meet in conciliation council, and the world knows the result.

Many writers portray Catherine de Médicis as she was when she first came to the French court, pleasing to everybody by her grace, affability, and, above all, extreme gentleness. When she became Regent she began by extreme moderation. She at one time wrote to her bishop, her ambassador to Spain, "to rehabilitate gently whatever the malice of the times might have disintegrated in the kingdom"; but the sixteenth century lost its notion of justice, and Catherine became an apt scholar in the school of France. She surely did not create the vices of her time, but she became identified with them. History has not yet said the last word of Catherine de Médicis. There are many unpublished letters of Catherine in the archives of St. Petersburg, that when published should throw light on one of the

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most unforgivable careers of which history makes mention.

The château is one of the finest in France and now belongs to the Orleans family.

CHINON

Chinon is of very ancient origin. This region was first occupied by the Celts and then by the Romans. In the eleventh century Chinon was the property of the Comtes de Blois. Thibaut III had to surrender it to Geoffroy Martel (Comte de Anjou) in 1044, and thus it became in the twelfth century a part of the possessions of Henry II (Plantagenet), King of England. Of all other continental towns Henry II liked Chinon the best, and often lived here; he died here in 1189. His son Richard, Coeur de Lion, was carried here wounded after the siege of Chalus in Limousin, and died here. Both were buried in Fontevrault, where Richard's statue and tomb are still to be seen. Charles VII assembled the States-General here while the English were besieging Orleans, and it was here that Joan of Arc first visited the King and made known her revelations, and it was here that she decided to go to the rescue of Orleans.

Agnes Sorel was a visitor at Chinon. Her home was at Orleans. History boldly parades the fact that she was the favorite mistress of Charles VII and was the mother of three children by him, only one more example of the many of the kings and emperors who

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flagrantly flaunted their shortcomings in morals to the world, and the world had only to acquiesce. If there is no gain in the decencies of their lives, there is a gain in the efforts over the world to cover it up.

In 1631 Chinon became the property of Cardinal Richelieu, whose descendants retained the property rights until the Revolution. Rabelais was born in the atmosphere of Chinon. The château is composed of three distinct fortresses.

It is not our intent to take the reader into every remote corner or nave with explanations, but to people these ruins by a brief picture of the men and women who have come and gone out of these portals.

AZAY-LE-RIDEAU

Azay-le-Rideau has some conflicting histories; the first château is believed to have been constructed in 1255 by Hugues Ridel. It is said that the Dauphin Charles—afterward Charles VII—on his journey from Chinon to Tours, in 1417, was attacked in front of the château by the Burgundy garrison who were staying there. Charles took the château by assault, exterminated the defenders, and burnt the town, hence it was called Azay-le-Brule (Burnt). But very little is known of the place before its acquisition and reconstruction in 1520 by Gilles Berthelot, one of the Bohier families to whom Touraine owes so much for the beautiful châteaux that are the delight of tourists. This château has passed

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through many hands. One gets here an idea of the purest creation of the early Renaissance period. It is so simple and modest in construction that it appeals to one after the many gorgeous buildings we had endeavored to take in and comprehend. Being built entirely at one time and with a master mind over all, it is harmonious in style and most attractive. The last important event in its history is that it was occupied by the Germans in 1870-71. In 1905 it was purchased by the state from the Marquis de Biencourt. The Marquis had previously sold the furniture and works of art. The administration des Beaux-Arts has taken possession of the château and has installed a Renaissance museum. Exhibits have been sent from the Louvre and Cluny Museum, and various private gifts have been made to it.

The author of "Old Touraine" says Azay-le-Rideau should be seen last of the châteaux of Touraine, for it is perhaps the most beautiful and perfect of them all. So its beauty gains by its association with all that is best and most attractive, for in the shrine of Azay there was gathered the whole gallery of faces of those who have made the history of Blois, of Amboise, of Chenonceaux, of France, and the château that is happy in its own lack of history and intrigue gathers up within its sculptured walls the memories of all that was worth keeping of the old life that throbbed and struggled in the larger châteaux and left them ruined or defaced. As we

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wound our way back to Paris we felt that we were leaving the history of much of the world behind us. We had had brought before us the lives and histories of so many of the men and women who had a part in the making and marring of France that we were glad in our hearts that their destinies had been settled by a just and true Father who never misjudges. But let us not forget that Balzac, Rabelais, and George Sand had their being in this valley, and near Blois is the early home of Victor Hugo.

We found that the court that through the ages had moved to and fro among the castles of old Touraine gradually turned toward Paris and Versailles and Fontainebleau. Historians tell us that William the Conqueror at the Conquest of England had discovered long before the rest of France the defects of the old system and had "broken the mould of feudalism." And yet the days and the years had brought other changes, and we found no courts reigning at Versailles, or Fontainebleau, or Paris. The walks and never ending gardens of Versailles in all their glory feast the eye and fill the soul as in the days of yore, but without kingly power, and thus we saw how the lives of centuries perish.

LANGEAIS

Langeais is a fortress of the Middle Ages, and is considered one of the finest existing examples of the French

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architecture of that period. This château was occupied by the English during the invasions made by the Black Prince along the Loire. We will not forget that it was in the Château of Langeais that the marriage of Charles VIII with Anne of Brittany took place. This alliance assured the union of France and Brittany. It seems that it is but one continued reading between the lines that all this panorama brings before you—the then, and the now, and what next?

Langeais was known as Alangavia as far back as the fifth century. The new edifice was built by Jean Bourre, minister of Louis XI, about 1450, and is filled with most interesting furniture, tapestries, paintings, etc. We have become familiar with the old forms of feudal architecture at Blois, at Amboise, at Chinon. These newer creations seemed the connecting link between the old and the new. Langeais is now in the possession of M. Siegfried, who has presented it to France, reserving the right for himself and wife to live there during their lifetime.

As you leave the premises at your left you see the home of Rabelais. Who of us would not have been glad to have been a listener to the roars of laughter that rang through the halls of Langeais whenever that genius paid his respects to the King and Queen? King Henry died in 1498 at Amboise. We are glad to think of Langeais as the home of Anne of Brittany, for that seems to be about all to remember historically of the

château; and as we turned our faces toward Tours we could in our hearts give thanks that no heartrending tragedies are connected with the life of the Breton Queen at Langeais.

LUYNES

We still cling to the southern waters of the Indre, knowing if we keep on that we shall add to our knowledge the song and story in many voices of the Loire, for the Indre and its tributaries, after winding in and out, at last add their stories of the past to those of the Loire, and our wanderings bring us to another of the historic châteaux of Touraine—Luynes—which retains precious souvenirs of the Roman occupation. It presents a very imposing appearance, but is not attractive. The first château was destroyed at the end of the eleventh century and was rebuilt in 1106 by Hardouin de Maille, and in the fifteenth century it gave place to the present château. The massive round “pepper box” towers with thick counter forts look formidable, but not elegant in appearance. On one side is a graceful building of stone and brick, which is flanked with the ever-prevailing staircase. A magnificent view of the valley is seen from here. Where can you find a locality so small that is so laden with history as this valley of the Loire?

Through the strife and the carnage of the religious and political wars very many of the châteaux of the valley had become ruins. The old feudal towers,

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whose strength undoubtedly had saved them from destruction, had been added to in times of peace, the abodes were more elegant, and what was picturesque only was saved of the earlier fortified dwellings. Louis XI laid down a new line of policy, followed up by Henry IX and carried forward by Louis XIV and Richelieu; the old feudal spirit was wiped out and a new architecture sprang into life.

USSE

Château d'Usse is one of the most remarkable in the valley of the Loire. It was constructed in the sixteenth century and belonged to the Comte de Blacas. It is admirably situated on the banks of the hills which confine the rivers Loire and Indre. The apartments have much of interest; what it seems to lack in the activities of conquest and changing proprietors, etc., is made up to the visitor in its gallery, library, and works of art, which are most instructive. We leave wondering what the recompense is for such an extravaganza of turrets and towers, salons, and galleries, for a comparatively private citizen. It is one of the prize settings of the valley of the Loire and should not be passed by without selecting the day when visitors are allowed.

LOCHES

The visitor to Loches will long remember the splendid royal castle, the donjon, the fortress, the black hole,

and all the appointments of strife and war that have possessed the world since history began. Loches existed in the time of the Romans. It took on form around a monastery founded in the fifth century; in the sixth century it was defended by a château. In the reign of Charles the Bold it became the seat of an hereditary government and passed into the hands of the Anjou family, who kept control for nearly four hundred years. In 1249 it became a royal residence and was the home of Charles VII and Agnes Sorel, who is buried in the Chapter House. Louis XI enlarged and perfected the prison. It has gone through the changes of most of the royal châteaux—as the home also of Charles XIII, Louis XII, Henry II, Charles IX, Henry IV, and Catherine de Médicis. The castle was one of the most stately of the Middle Ages. The dungeon, we suppose, answered every purpose, for nothing we saw was more revolting, with the torture room, prison cells, etc. It would seem much more time was spent in concocting ways and means of torturing the military prisoners than in studying the ways of peace. Under Charles XI, Cardinal La Baine invented the famous prison cages, which make one shudder to look at them, without room to sit down or turn around; but we were told the Cardinal, the inventor of this instrument of torture, was the first to taste the delights of his invention.

The donjon, that impressive, architectural “warlike

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masterpiece," built nine centuries ago, astonishes the visitor by its confident and gigantic conception. There are the loopholes through which the arrows and grape-shot were fired against the enemy. One hundred steps down into the dungeon takes you to the black hole for the prisoners where more suffering, more inhumanities have been carried on, and you can but ask the question, will the time ever come when man's inhumanity to man will cease?

It is with relief that we turn toward the Château Royale, or King's apartments, and yet you sometimes wonder who suffered most, the kings and queens who lived under that roof or their prisoners in the black hole.

It was in this château that Joan of Arc brought the news of the rescue of Orleans to Charles VII, and urged him to hasten to Rheims, where the crown was awaiting him. Charles VII built the symmetrical tower of the terrace named "Agnes Tower," where her ladyship, favorite of kings, presided, but Châteaubriand said of such, "They were useful to the country." In this tower the sepulchre of Agnes Sorel was erected, representing her lying down with clasped hands, her head between two angels. Two lambs, emblem of her sweet temper, are at her feet.

As we follow these kings and queens from one château to another they seem to have been forever on the wing; strife and contention were uppermost; they had no

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steadfast abiding place for mind or body, and we wonder if it was not a relief to lie down and wait the call of the Great Master.

VERSAILLES

The city of Versailles is ten miles from Paris, and owes its celebrity to the royal palace built by Louis XIV on the site of Louis XIII's hunting lodge, where the royal families resided until the Revolution. The marble court and the interior are marvellously beautiful; the extensive galleries filled with pictures and statues of great historical personages and events hold the curiosity of the visitor. Louis XV added the theatre and other buildings. The most brilliant of the reigns of Louis XIV, Louis XV, and Louis XVI are associated with this Château of Versailles. The treaty which terminated the American struggle for independence was concluded here September 3, 1783.

During the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 Versailles became the headquarters of the Germans; the King of Prussia was proclaimed Emperor of Germany in the palace January 18, 1871.

The time we spent in passing over this wonder of wonders, and what we saw in a palace that would hold ten thousand of the royal court if necessary, could not be told in detail here. This entire court was surrounded with everything art could supply or the demand for luxury could suggest. During the Revolution much of

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the furniture was sold and the pictures transferred to the Louvre.

The place is intimately associated with the zenith and decadence of the reign of Louis XIV. In 1684, after the death of Marie Therese, Louis XIV married Madame de Maintenon, who soon became the dominant power at court. This was followed by the court of Louis XV, which history says soon degenerated into a boudoir ruled by Madame de Pompadour and Madame du Barry. It was during the reign of Louis XVI, in 1774, that differences of public opinion and divisions in the court brought on the French Revolution.

THE GARDENS OF VERSAILLES

The gardens were laid out 1667-88 and are very much in the condition now as then. A more artificial arrangement could hardly be conceived. It is very evident the landscape gardener was possessed with the idea that symmetry could outdo nature, but the grounds are interesting on account of their solemn, old-fashioned appearance. The fountains are the real charm of the garden, and play on Sundays and feast days.

The Grand Trianon, which adjoins the park, a handsome villa of one story, was erected by Louis XIV for Madame de Maintenon. The King was fond of coming here and entertaining his friends with dinners, balls, and sports. Every room was richly furnished with all the extravagances of court life.

A little to the north is the Petit Trianon, erected by Louis XV for Madame du Barry. This was a favorite resort in later years for Marie Antoinette. The Duchess Marie Louise also made it her home at times. The garden, laid out in the English style, was made for Marie Antoinette. The palace and the park are marvellous. The great and little Trianon enchant by the delicacy of their lines and adornment. All the pleasures and all the griefs of those who have had these wonderful environments pass in panoramic view before us, and we go back to the days of Francois I and to the charming Margaret of Valois, Catherine de Médicis, to Joan of Arc, Leonardo da Vinci, through the reigns of all the Louis, to Napoleon and poor Josephine, until we are sojourners in this fair country, and we wonder, what next?

Our châteaux tour was over; the "Master" called us together, and as we repeated our lesson to him, we give it to you.

EN ROUTE TO SPAIN

We left Paris September 30th en route to Spain. We passed through a large part of the châteaux district that we had recently gone over by auto. By the time we had compassed this fair land the second time it had become familiar. France surely is a satisfying country to ride through: much of it reminds one of the West in America, notwithstanding the centuries

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behind it. The far stretches of fertile fields and green meadows as far as eye can see, and beyond, bring to you the fertile prairies of the West in all their plenitude.

We circled the Bay of Biscay in the dim twilight and passed Bordeaux, following the winding way of the shore until we reached Biarritz at 10:30 P. M. We soon found ourselves comfortably fixed in the Hotel Palais de Biarritz, once the home of Empress Eugenie. The depot at Biarritz, where kings and queens, lords and ladies, and good Americans alight, is more primitive, more inconvenient, and contains more dirt than any country depot in America; and I must add that nowhere in all Europe did we find a station that could touch in beauty and magnificence that of Washington, the Capital of the United States.

Biarritz is beautifully located on the Bay of Biscay, on the opposite shore to San Sebastian, where we made our bow to Spain. From Biarritz we took side trips. On October 4th we reached Pau, the birthplace of Henry of Navarre. The fortress had long since been turned into a palace. Margaret, Queen of Navarre, or Margaret of Angoulême, was the daughter of Charles of Orleans and Louise of Savoy, the beloved sister of Francois I. In 1509 she married Charles, Duc d'Alençon, a prince of the royal blood. She was highly educated, a woman of great gifts and of charming personality. She was of great assistance to her brother in the days of his prosperity and reverses. The Duc

d'Alençon died in 1525, and in 1527 Margaret became the wife of Henri d'Albret, Count of Bearn, titular King of Navarre, whose kingdom was held in Spain. Her daughter, Jeanne d'Albret, married Antoine de Bourbon. Under this reign Pau reached the zenith of its prosperity. Their son, Henri IV of Navarre, was born December 14, 1553. Jeanne d'Albret was one of the most famous women in history. She was extolled by men of letters, and loved by those who believed in freedom of religious thought. From her castle in Pau, the capital of her kingdom of Navarre, she extended a magnificent hospitality. Her young son Henri was reared amid the hills at the base of the Pyrenees. From a delicate boy her training made him strong. He was exposed to hardship like the sons of peasants; he was allowed to run barefooted and bareheaded, often distinguishing himself in games and manly sports. He was trained in the freedom of religious thought, which led the way to his becoming leader of the Protestants. Henri on becoming King of France never forgot his native city, which continued to be the capital until 1620, when Bearn and Lower Navarre were annexed to the Crown, and from the French Revolution dwindled into the condition of a mere provincial city. Pau would long have continued to be ignored had not English capitalists been attracted there by the mildness of the climate, and settled there, purchasing land, erecting villas, founding clubs, building Protestant churches,

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introducing English sports, and thus bringing about a revival of the prosperity of Pau, which to-day is one of the handsomest and pleasantest cities of France. Pau claims among its honored citizens Jeanne d'Albret, 1528-1572; Henri IV, 1553-1610; Bernadotte, 1763-1844, who became King of Sweden and Norway under the name of King John.

Our first steps in Pau were toward the castle. When we entered we were supposed to be treading in the footsteps of Louis XI, Francois I, Charles V, and Queen Isabella of Spain. Here are seen the same bedrooms occupied by them; the rooms are spacious, ceilings richly decorated, the walls hung with Flemish and Gobelin tapestries, placed there mostly in the reign of Louis Napoleon. There are the usual Sevres vases found in every state château, high mantel clocks, rich but uninteresting furniture.

The first room on the second floor is pointed out as the room in which the great Arabic general, Abd-el-Kader, and family were held as state prisoners in 1848. The fourth room is the one in which Henri IV was born. His cradle, an immense tortoise shell, still adorns this room.

Some exceedingly interesting tapestries, representing the story of St. John, are found in one of the galleries. They probably date from Louis XII and Francois I.

From the château one gets an extended view of the Pyrenees and the beautiful valley. This panorama of

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the Pyrenees is one of the most attractive sights in Europe; the chain of mountains is visible for seventy miles, and as we look over mountain after mountain rising back of the valleys and the villas, we think of the silence and rest, apart from the tumult and the strife of men that has been going on for ages, an object-lesson that has been there through the years, but has not sunk deep into the hearts of men.

We left the old castle with the romance and the strife of years hanging over us, and the question we have asked ourselves so many, many times, we ask again: Did the few short years of glory recompense for all the years of anxiety and violent deaths?

We left Pau for Lourdes. We shall always remember the beauty of her situation, the restfulness of her surroundings, and the peace that came upon the travellers, and the opportunities for study and recreation, when they reached this fair portion of their wanderings.

LOURDES

It was a beautiful ride from Pau to Lourdes: green fields, mountains in the distance which drew nearer and nearer as we rode on; the good roads made the twenty miles seem short. As we approached the town a towering castle on a gray, rocky height confronted us. This was a Roman fortress and besieged by Charlemagne against the Moors. In the fourteenth century the English for fifty-eight years kept a strong garrison

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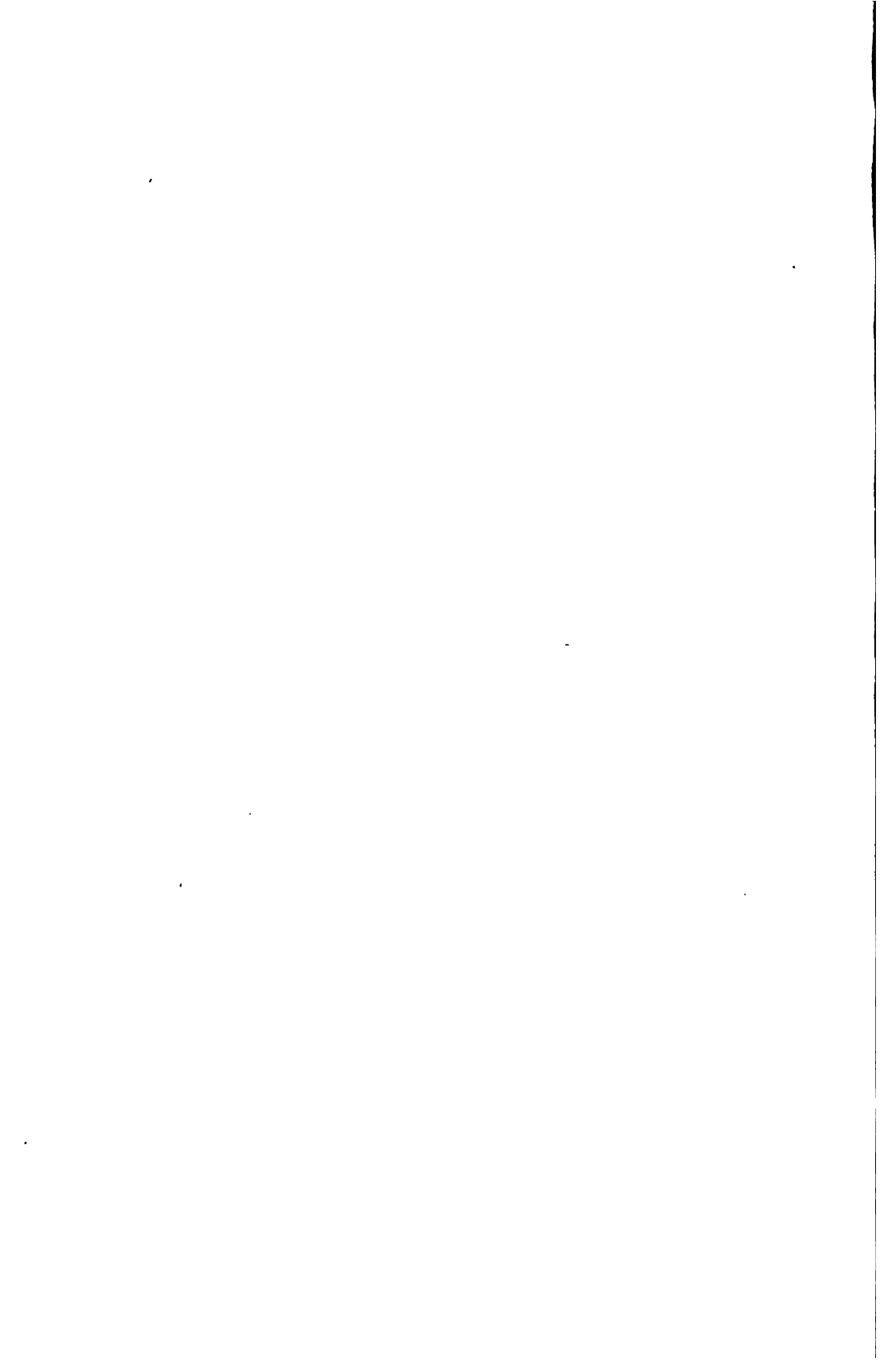
in the castle, and by the irony of fate, here it was that several Englishmen, Lord Elgin among them, were imprisoned in 1803 by Napoleon I. We entered the town from the east, the ancient part, through narrow, gloomy, silent streets, but soon found ourselves in the new boulevard which skirts the streets lined with shops and hotels—shops redundant with pious offerings for the shrine. To the west we entered the quarter surrounding the Church and the Grotto. At first sight the conditions may be a little disappointing. We had pictured in the mind's eye a quiet little grotto in a retired little glen where Bernadotte and two companions were walking when the vision of the Holy Virgin appeared to Bernadotte but not to the others, and an open pool where the miraculous spring broke forth where the seekers after health bathe their weary bodies. Instead, as we reach the square, while one side is a part of the city, we see the Church of the Rosary, a modern Byzantine edifice built in 1889, a beautiful, impressive building: four flights of stairs lead to the different levels, until you reach the upper church or basilica, which is built on the extension of rock under which is the miraculous grotto. Services are simultaneously going on in different parts of the church. In front of the grotto there is an image of the Blessed Virgin where it is said Bernadotte had her interviews and her lessons. There was a large pilgrimage the day we were there. Opposite the shrine were seats filled with the pilgrims; the lame,

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the halt, the blind were there in front of the altar, stretched out on cots, listening to the prayer of the priest for their recovery. The pool into which many entered was underneath the church and no longer visible to the mere lookers-on. The solemn service, the devout-looking people, the maimed and the blind appeal to every sensitive heart. The walls and sides of the grotto are hung with discarded crutches and canes by the dozens. The fast days and the feast days are most religiously kept as the Virgin's message dictated to Bernadotte. It is said the pilgrimages increase yearly. The principal rites take place February 11th, March 25th, August 15th, and December 8th.

What was the lesson of all this to us? As to the vision of Bernadotte, something happened, or that child of sixteen years could never have impressed herself so earnestly upon the Church as to awaken it to a sense of some duty undone, some injunction of the Master unheeded, which we believe to have been *heal the sick* and preach the Gospel. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Through some influence, the sick by scores have been healed at Lourdes; *that* is well known. If other churches are searching out the truth and trying to live by it, as we know they are, why do they not all of them believe in each other, and that the "Gem that was lost from the Church" has been found again, not by the Church or a Church, but by the children of men.

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WE CAN hardly enter Spain intelligently without taking a glance at her past. Briefly, we will go over her history, and then, hand in hand, we will journey together through Castilian lands, to the fair plains of Andalusia, and then on to Algeciras and Tarifa, the southernmost points of the European continent.

Long before the birth of Christ, long before we have any recorded history of Spain, this peninsula was inhabited by a people of whom little is known. They were called Iberians. These people are supposed to have come from the East and to have been driven out by the Celts, who again invaded their territory in Spain and were submerged with them and were afterward called Celtiberians. They occupied the central part of the country. In time the Phoenicians were attracted to this country, and it is known that they built cities and planted settlements along the coast. The Greeks, too, founded one or more colonies along the northeastern shores and on the Balearic Islands. The Phoenicians confined themselves to Andalusia, but so little is known of these remote times that we will leave it to be re-

corded on her rocks and hills by an invisible hand, and we will pass on until about three centuries before Christ, when we come to the recorded pages of history.

The powerful Carthagenians flourished on the northern shores of Africa; their capital was Carthage; the Romans and Carthagenians were bitter foes; the long series of wars that they waged upon each other were called the "Punic Wars." The Carthagenians, having lost Sardinia and Sicily, cast longing eyes upon Spain, and two hundred and thirty-seven years before the birth of Christ General Hamilcar Barca, at the head of a large army, landed at Cadiz. These hosts seemed to have been welcomed by the inhabitants of the country, for ere long their army was swelled by the coalition of the Celtiberians, the Andalusians, and the Balearic Islanders. The whole of the south of Spain passed into Hamilcar Barca's hands. In a few years he was succeeded in command by his son-in-law, Hasdrubal, who built the city of New Carthage, in Spain. Hasdrubal was succeeded by his son Hannibal, the most famous and greatest military leader the world had known.

In time the Romans penetrated into Spain through the rugged Pyrenees from the north. Again the old rival nations faced each other, and after two centuries the Romans had conquered the greater part of the peninsula; but they soon fell into dissension in that great struggle between Cæsar and Pompey. The latter fell. Yet the Romans were really the makers of

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Spain; the Carthagenians being semi-barbarians, it was left for the Romans to civilize Spain. They built towns, theatres, roads, and bridges and aqueducts. The Latin language gradually became the language of Spain; they introduced the Christian religion; but the decline of the whole Roman dominion began between the third and fourth centuries and soon dwindled to a shadow.

Toward the middle of the fourth century we find the Goths becoming prominent. They lived north of the Danube on lands belonging to Rome. Toward the latter part of the fourth century they left these lands to escape from the ravages of a people called Huns, crossed the Danube, and settled on the south of it. They grew in strength as the Romans weakened, and finally, in 410, defeated the Roman emperor, and under their King, Alaric, invaded Italy, capturing and sacking Rome. A peace was concluded: the Goths were to receive certain lands in Spain on which to settle. Thereby, in 414, the Gothic rule began in Spain, which was to last three hundred years. The Gothic kings were thirty-six in number, and they made the ancient city of Toledo their capital. By the close of the seventh century the strength of the nation was gone; the constant feuds between the priesthood, monarchy, and the aristocracy had done the work. The last two Gothic kings were Witiza and his cousin Roderick, who is known in history as the last of the Gothic kings. Wit-

iza had a brother-in-law named Julian who controlled the southern provinces and the African cities of Ceuta and Tangier. A new power had sprung up in Africa quite as strong as the Carthagenians were a thousand years before. They were the Moors, the followers of Mahomet. They were a restless, ambitious race, and sought new worlds to conquer.

When the Gothic reign began to weaken in 711 a daring Moorish leader, Tarik el Tuerto, landed in Spain with 7,000 men, which was largely reinforced soon after they pitched their tents on Gibraltar, and they had a skirmish with Duke Theodomir, governor of Andalusia. Tarik advanced and met the Goths, who had assembled a large army but were not equal to the Moors in military tactics. The western part of Africa was inhabited by the barbaric Berbers; they it was who first entered Spain from Africa, and they it was who fought the first battle under Tarik in Spain against Roderick and the Goths, called the Battle of the Guadalette. Roderick witnessed the defeat of his subjects and the ruin of his kingdom; city after city gave way after but a feeble defence, when the gates were opened. Thus the Goths were conquered by the Moorish invaders.

Pelayo, a Gothic nobleman, escaped, and later gathered a few from the scattered soldiers and found a retreat in the sierras in Asturias; his number soon grew to be a large army, and seven years after the Battle of Guadalette they declared him king. Here also was a

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remnant of the Iberians. These, mingling with Pelayo's Goths, were henceforth known as Spaniards.

Now began the long line of Christian kings who were in the end to win back Spain. Pelayo led his men from one victory to another. He died in 737 and was succeeded by his son Favila, and son-in-law Alfonso I, the first of the Alphonse kings—a wise ruler. The home of the Christians had now extended from a narrow strip in the mountains to a large territory—from a narrow strip in the north to a spacious kingdom. The south and east were in possession of the Moors. Between these two domains of Christians and Moors lay central Spain, over which the contest was strenuous. Sometimes victory was on one side, sometimes on the other. This went on for centuries.

In the meantime, the Moorish rule began to develop all over Spain, but there was more or less dissension among the people. The Berbers and the Arabs were both Mohammedans; the Berbers, from Morocco and the western part, were fierce warriors, but knew little else. The Arabs were a cultured race; they brought into Spain from the East the civilization, the education, the arts, of a refined people.

Between the ninth and tenth centuries we find the Kingdom of Pelayo has traversed the mountains and forms the Kingdom of Leon; and to the east, spreading toward the centre of the country, we find Castile; east of this, under the shadow of the Pyrenees Mountains, are

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the small states of Navarre and Aragon. All this was Christian territory. In the course of time Portugal came into the reckoning. After the death of Alphonso I (1134) Aragon embraced both Saragossa and Barcelona. Leon and Castile fortunes were cast side by side, taking up central Spain, Castile's southern boundary touching Andalusia. In fact, all the Christian countries excepting Navarre had largely increased their proportions. The conquests and reconquests that went on through the years cannot be followed here; the kings and rulers that have come and gone must be sought elsewhere.

We will go hand in hand over Spain's rugged mountains, beautiful plains, into her magnificent cities, into her palaces, her cathedrals, her castles, her picture galleries, and drink from the fountain of inspiration left to mankind by these wonderful people of old Castilian days.

SAN SEBASTIAN

A visit to Spain will surely give the lover of travel, the digger after old history, art, and architecture, an added leaf to his album of beautiful pictures, and a satisfactory answer to the questions of an inquiring mind; often, very often, you have to change the old beliefs instilled by writers and romancers.

San Sebastian is what it purports to be, a seaside resort, the most fashionable in Spain. We took the

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train October 6th, with bags and baggage, and at noon we had entered Spain, and had settled ourselves at the Continental Hotel, facing the beautiful bay. It reminded us forcibly of the Golden Gate at San Francisco, not so broad and extensive, but beautiful for situation. The summer royal palace, an unpretentious place, is on a slight elevation to the west end of the beach. The bath-houses give a unique appearance as they are drawn on to the beach by oxen. The bath-house of the royal family is propelled back and forth by the same power. Here for the first time in Spain we saw the Plaza de Toros (bull pens), but felt no incentive to enter to see the bulls fight. There is not much to interest the visitor except the beautiful harbor, which was always an inspiration. Our days here were of rest and recreation, a good beginning for entrance into the land of the Moors and the Visigoths, the Iberians and Goths, into the Basque country, where still may be found the remnants of that mixed nation.

We made an effort to find the American International School for Girls, which has done much for the higher education of women in Spain, but did not find it at its old home, 40 Avenida; the school, for prudential reasons, had been moved to Madrid.

In San Sebastian we learned of the uprising in Portugal, and that the Palace Hotel in Lisbon, where we had engaged rooms, was bombarded, so we changed

our route to Madrid by way of Burgos, and so journeyed on to that quaint bit of old Spain, and passed the grand old Spanish gateway, Santa Maria, into the town of Burgos; the things uppermost in our minds were the Cathedral and the Cid. We were soon located in the little hotel, the Fonda del Norte, where we were well cared for. Our drives and our walks carried us back into the realms of memory. We had known and read of the Burgos Cathedral. We had many decades to pass over from the reign of Ferdinand III, when he founded this cathedral, July 20, 1221, with the help of an Englishman, Bishop Maurice. It was begun in the period of the Gothic style, but was not finished for more than three hundred years. It is somewhat interesting in noting the history of this church to find that the two periods of greatest interest were governed by the art and grandest architectural achievements of English thought, and by the admonitions and advice of another travelled bishop who brought home with him from Germany a German architect, and from whom emanated the Gothic architecture in Spain. We think of the days when Burgos was the centre of the Gothic monarchy in Spain; when it held all that was sacred in the historic Iberian land; when it was the capital of the kings of Leon, Asturias, and Navarre; the days before the capital was removed to Toledo; the days of Ferdinand I of Castile, the great king, before he had divided his kingdom among his five children; the additions

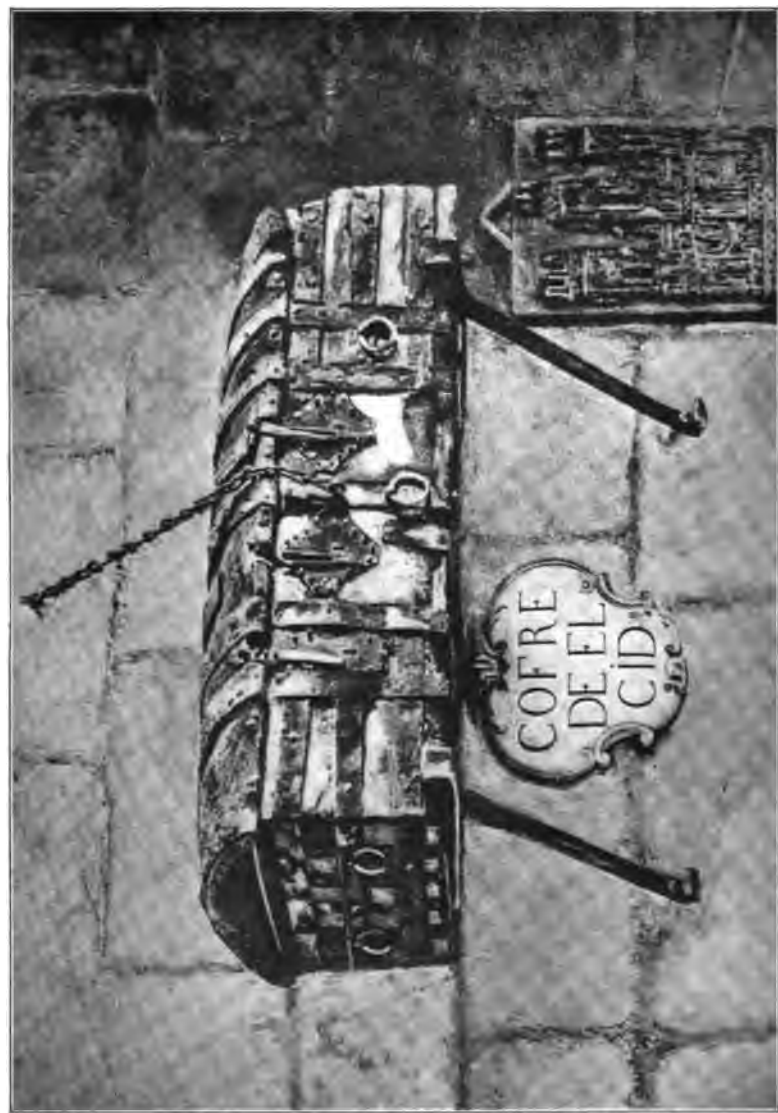
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through the centuries to the old cathedral, under new kings and potentates. This was before the Moors had carried war into Spanish territory and captured the land from the Christians. To-day Burgos is bereft of its glory, a quiet, sleepy little place, giving one the impression of weariness of years having settled upon its tired body.

The various excursions in and around Burgos vary in interest; the Real Monastery, interesting us most, was built by Ferdinand III in 1249, and is a short drive of one and a half miles out of Burgos. In the little church belonging to the convent is a banner captured from the Moors in the Battle of Las Nevas de Tolosa (1212), also a most striking kneeling statue of Alphonso VIII and his wife Eleanor, daughter of Henry II of England. The Carteja de Miraflores, erected by Juan II, is noted for its convent and little chapel and renowned by the monuments erected in front of the altar by Isabella of Spain in honor of her parents, Juan II and Isabella of Portugal. This is classed as the finest monument in design and execution in Spain. Another monument of great interest stands in a recess in the north wall—that of the Infanta Alphonso (1470) at the age of sixteen, through whose death Isabella attained the throne. In the arch is the kneeling figure of the young prince in richly decorated dress.

Every road and every turn around this city of the plains reminds you of its former greatness and glory.

Before leaving this city of cathedrals, churches, and convents, we must pay our respects to the memory of the Cid. Since our childhood we have had various conceptions of the Cid; much of it we know belongs to the fabled side of life, and yet we know he was born in Burgos of good parentage; Diego Lainez was his father's name. His mother was Dona Teresa Rodriguez, the daughter of an Austrian count. Their son was Rodrigo de Bivar, known in history as the Cid, or the Campeador (Lord Champion). He was born in the Castle Bivar, near Burgos, about 1040, and died at Valencia in 1099. We will make no attempt to separate his exploits from fiction; he figures conspicuously in Spanish literature, but his real history is a myth. His life was spent in combat with the Moors. He was standard bearer and commander of the royal troops to Sancho II, King of Leon and Castile. The designation Seig, corrupted to Cid in the Spanish, was given to him by the Moors in acknowledgment of his prowess, while the Spaniards for whom he fought called him Campeador, the champion. About five years before his death he captured Valencia and established himself ruler. His exploits became the subject of romance, song, and story; so much fiction was mixed with his real achievements that his identity was well nigh lost. "The Poem of the Cid," composed about the year 1200, is said to be one of the earliest and most vigorous specimens of Spanish verse. The author is not known, but is spoken of as the "Homer



THE CID'S COFFER

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of Spain." His wife, Zimena, daughter of Don Diego, clung to her lover notwithstanding he had run her father through with a spear because Don had arrogantly hit his father Don Sanches. After the war that followed Zimena is led to the altar by the King and Queen of Aragon under arches of foliage, "wheat ears," and "olive branches," with crowds of captive maidens dancing to lute and zithern.

We stood on the ground of the Cid's priceless old home, standing on the brow of the hill over Burgos, near a medieval gateway, where you can see a stone bearing the measure of his arm. He lived on this spot many happy years with Zimena, going from here to frays and to battles; but nothing remains except the stone flooring and three carved shields which ornamented the front, now upon pedestals to mark the spot. So much we had seen, and yet we had not seen his tomb, the chest of history, or his bones. Has any one? The poor Cid having been carried from Valencia to Burgos, he was, it is said, buried five miles off among the hills. The mutilated monument still remains. You are shown a stool in one house, said to be many hundred years old, upon which the Cid's ancestors sat as judges in Burgos, and an old portrait of the Cid almost faded and blurred out of sight. In the cathedral sacristy your attention is called to an old chest hung halfway up the wall. This old chest is heavy and clamped with iron. The story goes that the Cid wanted some money; his pockets

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were empty during the wars. He filled the chest with sand and sent it to a Jew with this message:

“The Cid Campeador wants money. If you will furnish it he will pay you back eighty-nine per cent. interest, leaving you as surety this chest filled with his richest treasures on one condition, that you take the oath by Father Abraham not to open the lock until the money is delivered.”

The Jew sent the gold and took the chest. Fact or fiction reveals no more. *We* only know the chest hangs in the cathedral.

We leave picturesque Burgos, the Cid, the cathedral, its pictures and its monuments that have carried us into the dim past, and come out into the open of the twentieth century. We are en route by rail for gay, beautiful Madrid. Our compartment is shared by a Mr. and Mrs. M. of Madrid; the gentleman once belonged to the legation in Washington. Twenty-five years ago he married a Philadelphia girl, and they have since made their home in Spain. Our hours were made short by the exchange of home news and all the interesting stories of her new life, and when we drew into Madrid at 2:00 P. M. our journey seemed short.

MADRID

Let me say to any one anticipating travelling in Spain: take little heed to what books of travel tell you of the discomforts of travelling there, and even “Baedeker”

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should be rewritten. Spain of twenty-five years ago is not the Spain of to-day. One of the most beautiful and comfortable hotels we found in Europe was the Hotel Ritz in Madrid. It was dedicated by the King the Sunday before we arrived; and so on down the peninsula, a new and beautiful line of hotels has been built all the way, and the gem of all is at Algeciras.

Madrid is comparatively new, certainly modern. Her great attraction is, of course, her picture gallery, "The Musio del Prado." Here are seen the world's great pictures of the old masters, of Velasquez, Murillo, Goya, many of Raphael's, Andrea del Sarto, Correggio; in fact, all the great masters speak to you of the past, and we love it.

Madrid first appears in history in the tenth century as a fortified Moorish outpost, situated on the hill where the royal palace now stands. It was captured by Alphonso VI in 1083, and he turned the mosque into the Church of the Virgin de la Almadena, which remained until 1869. From the time of the Castilian monarchs the town was endowed with many special fueros (privileges). These fueros provided for a republican government in the three provinces; for immunity from taxes and military service. In 1329 Ferdinand IV assembled the first Cortes in Madrid; in 1386 King Juan I handed over the lordship of the town to Leo V. Madrid was disturbed with new and varied troubles through the reign of Henry III and Henry IV. Times

were quieter and more prosperous with Ferdinand and Isabella; in fact, the most glorious reign in Spanish history was when the crowns of Castile and Leon were united with Aragon under Ferdinand and Isabella, and the Moor was finally driven from the country. And now in the twentieth century we are wandering over the waste places of a once prosperous dynasty and come into the conquered land of the Moors, and our days will be spent in studying the then and now, and we begin in beautiful old Madrid.

Our first delight in taking in our surroundings from the Ritz was to find "The Musio del Prado" across the street from our hotel. The evenings in the hotel were picturesque and interesting. A deputation of Moors from Tangiers were stopping there while the treaty-making was going on. Their striking dress was in unique contrast to that of the members of the Cortes, many of whom were at home in the Ritz. When all was going well the white cavalcade were conspicuous in the dining-room, in the corridors, in the salon; but when the course of arbitration was not in accord with Moorish thought they kept to themselves until adjustments were made. When we saw the chief enter, followed by his clan, we knew all was well with them. Ladies of rank, wives of the members of the Cortes—conspicuous by the absence of young women—would assemble in the evenings, and over their coffee exchange the greetings of the day. Not one Spanish woman did

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we see smoking, and we were told it was not the custom; they might set some other nations an example.

The art gallery is the great attraction. Many a morning and many a spare hour we took advantage of our proximity to satisfy the longing we had had for years to study the perfection of form and color produced by these old masters.

One privilege of which I did not avail myself was the bullfight. The second Sunday of our stay some of our party slipped off to the bullfight (Sunday is the great day for these entertainments), but before I was aware of time enough having passed to take them there, they were back, having seen quite enough, and more, too, when the first horse was gored, and all the horror of it. They came back full of wonder that the authorities would sanction such scenes in a civilized country; they had had quite enough of "while in Turkey do as the turkeys do." It may be all right for Spaniards brought up to know and understand every dexterous stroke, every telling move—to them it may be fine sport; but the amateur has no place there: to him it is only brutality.

By invitation, Miss C. and myself started for a Sunday afternoon tea, another Spanish custom, at the Alice Gordon Gulick International School for Girls, which we had tried to locate at San Sebastian. Mrs. Gulick we had known in America, and her marvellous work. The beautiful building built in her honor after her death is one of the most attractive spots in Madrid,

and speaks volumes for the sacrifice she made. Her work has been taken up by Miss Susan D. Huntington of Connecticut, and every American who visits Madrid should pay a visit to the Gulick International School for Girls.

En route to this school we passed the home of Sorolla, and as Sunday in Madrid is the day for social events, we asked our driver to halt at the gate while we, as Americans, paid our respects, knowing that since his warm reception in New York and the great appreciation manifested for his pictures he had become very fond of Americans. We found the artist and his wife were in Paris, but we were very cordially shown through his most attractive home by the daughter and one of the students. The drawing-room, the library, the dining-room, and of course the studio, were filled with his paintings, much to our delight. The home was surrounded by lawns, flowers, shade trees, and filled with laughing, gay young people as we entered. The charm and atmosphere of this home is the supreme delight shown by the artist in painting pictures of his own family—his wife, two daughters, and a son. The eldest is only eighteen. Perhaps the gem of the whole collection is the portrait of his wife. The wife says it is idealized; he thinks not; at all events, in every detail it is very pleasing. As we passed from room to room and saw the exquisite work of this master hand we felt very sure the art of painting did not die out with the old mas-

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ters to whom we had bid good-bye in the Musio del-Prado, but lives again in Sorolla, taking on new forms, more in sympathy with the thought of to-day. The old orders of kings and queens for church paintings of saints and madonnas, of crucifixions and ascensions, have passed by and given place to scenes of the hour and the day in the world as it is. So Sorolla, with the inspiration that comes from contact with the world—with the talent endowed by the same Master that gave Velasquez the power to hold the world in admiration—is painting the fisherman of San Sebastian, the children by the seashore of Valencia, the portraits of the men and women who are integral parts in the work of the world in the twentieth century, and doing it with such a fascinating charm, so pleasing a technique, that the world is looking on and taking notice of the stronghold art still has in the old haunts of Spain.

One Sunday morning our party left the Ritz to take a walk up the Prado, on which our hotel was situated. It is one of the magnificent streets of Europe, two broad driveways in the centre, a park from one end to the other with seats, grass, flowers, trees; Neptune at one point with trident and attendant sea gods; Cybele at another point driving her chariot over the powers of the earth, beautiful and attractive from every point. We were struck by the stillness and want of life; we thought the hour had not struck for the gay and the festive to begin their daily bout, where all sorts of

equipages parade up and down, led by the King's own, until he turns his gay equipage off the Prado toward the royal palace; five minutes after not a vehicle is in sight. But this day it did not even begin. We soon discovered the reason. G. came toward us with an anxious look. Just then we heard music afar off. G. said:

"They say at the hotel you must come back at once, that the uprising which had been predicted for days—since the affair in Lisbon—had really begun; that the bullfight has been called off."

We walked back to the hotel, we will admit with pace increased, and calmly took our positions to see what was going to happen. The music came nearer and nearer; at last the band came into view—not an impressive-looking lot—and followed by perhaps three hundred uprisers, more than half of them boys not sixteen. They passed by as orderly as a Sunday-school procession, and that was all there was to the long-expected uprising, although we were constantly told of the great unrest in Spain.

It seems Philip II was driven to choose Madrid as his new capital, if not for political reasons, for historical. It could hardly be the Castilian Burgos, nor the Visigothic Toledo, nor the Moorish Cordova, nor Seville. He finally, in 1560, made Madrid the royal residence. The eighteenth century brought the Bourbons and the building of the royal palace by Charles III who came

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from Naples to rule over Spain. To him is given the credit of beginning or completing every good enterprise.

The royal palace is situated on a height once occupied by a Moorish mosque. A palace begun by Philip II on the same site was burned before completion. Here the rulers of Spain have had their home since the days of Charles III. We occasionally betook ourselves up to these heights, not only to see the morning drill of the royal troops in the courtyard, but also to study the armor in the wonderful collection to be found in an unpretentious building on one side of the court. The building is filled with the world-renowned collection of arms and armor, the effort of Charles V; but Philip II transferred them from Valladolid to Madrid. The outline history of Spain can well be followed through this marvellous collection.

A short walk from our hotel is the Puerta del Sol. This derives its name from an old gateway which opened on to the rising sun. Here, too, Spanish history can be read. It seems that in that long ago Puerta del Sol was in the suburbs or country. To-day it is in the centre of commercialism; ten diagonal streets lead into the open square. The only really historic square in Madrid is the Plaza Mayor. It was laid out early in the seventeenth century and was the place for the populace to assemble to witness horse races, bullfights, executions, auto-de-fes. To-day the same balconies of the houses are there that held the grandees of the

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town; they served as boxes for the lookers-on. It is said as many as 50,000 at one time had witnessed these scenes. The balcony is there that was fitted up by Philip IV for his mistress. On June 30, 1680, an auto-de-fe lasted from early morning until night. Charles II, his Queen and court were so edified by this woful spectacle that they stayed the twelve hours. A painting of this horror by Rizi can be seen in the Prado. What is considered at least one of the finest statues in Spain is that of Philip III, an equestrian statue standing in the centre of an immense fountain basin.

THE ESCORIAL

An hour's ride via the railway brought us to the Escorial. We are struck by the sameness of the landscape we are passing over to that of our entrée into Spain—a wild, weird, treeless grayness and desolation written over all, a gray olive tree or a lonely juniper here and there, which adds to the grayness and lonesomeness of it all. When you near the historic pile, halfway up the mountain, you look sharp to distinguish it from the mountain, but the endless rows of small windows help to make the distinction. One of the stories the traveller will meet with is that Philip II vowed during the battle of St. Quentin, fought on St. Lawrence Day, August 10, 1557, that if victorious he would build a convent to this saint, a Roman soldier

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and martyr of Spanish birth, in compensation for the necessary destruction by the Spanish artillery of a church dedicated to him; but no matter how good a story, history tells us that the battle of St. Quentin was won by Duke Emanuel Philibert of Savoy, and Philip did not reach the field until it was all over. Charles V, Philip's father, who died at Yuste in an obscure monastery in the Estremadura, directed in his will that a suitable monument should be provided for him by his son. The Escorial was erected as Charles' mausoleum. It was Philip's wish to erect a monument to his father, to which he added a monastery imposing enough to proclaim his piety to the world, also a palace for himself where he could live under the sacred cross. The Pantheon, or burial vault, was finished by Philip's grandson, Philip IV. It is popularly believed that the ground floor of the Escorial represents the gridiron on which St. Lawrence suffered martyrdom, the royal palace standing for the handle, the galleries or covered cloisters marking the bars of the gridiron. Juan Beautista de Toledo, an eminent architect who had studied in Naples and Rome, was summoned by Philip in 1559 to carry out his plans, but this artist died in 1563, after planning and laying the foundation stone. His successor was the great Juan de Herrera, who had studied in Brussels. But it took the erratic mind of such a man as Philip II to dictate how the building should be planned. Take it all

in all, the Escorial is one of the most remarkable buildings of all time and seems a part of the Guadarrama Mountains. It looks like a fortress or prison; surely it is a grand and gloomy pile of stone quite in keeping with the rocky desolation surrounding it.

Our day was spent in wandering through the different courts and granite cloisters. We came upon two rooms, plain white walls, vaulted ceilings, and porcelain wainscots—the private rooms of Philip II. Here the monarch lived and held audience; here he worked with his secretaries, received high potentates, ambassadors from different lands; here in this corner of the world, on the side of the mountain, Philip authorized death warrants, secret assassinations, gave out the word of annihilation to weakened nations; between the acts, retiring into the church, which only required the spring of a door, to say his prayers and ask absolution of his sins. In this room is the armchair in which he sat, covered with embossed leather, a stool upon which his stiffened, gouty legs used to rest; there is the table upon which the written edicts went forth which scourged the sovereigns of Europe, which led him to boast “that with two inches of paper he ruled the world,” but he had not reached the point where even a Philip II must stop to recall “that a drop of ink will make the whole world think.” Even the blotting book he used is there, worn and ink-marked. More’s the pity that it does not bear the mark of wicked, ungodlike edicts blotted out.

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Near these rooms you pass through a low door and enter a dark cell, no light, but quite accessible to the high altar. Here he could attend service without being seen; here the historic Philip II died. We are told that he carried the same crucifix Charles clasped in death, and wore the same penitential robes; the same prayers were chanted over him out of the same mass book. During his long days of illness, when his sufferings were greater than any he could lay on his subjects, we wonder what memories were brought to his agonized soul of the suffering he had inflicted upon others. We are told that he "turned his imploring eyes upon his confessor and whispered, 'My father, my sins are so heavy I will do anything, sign anything, decree anything, so that you save my soul.'"

The building contains the royal palace, the royal chapel, monastery, two colleges, chapter houses, three libraries, dormitories, hospitals, and countless other apartments. The most striking feature of the edifice is the church built in imitation of the Church of St. Peter at Rome, in the form of a Greek cross. It contains forty chapels with their altars. Directly under the high altar, so that the Host may be raised above the dead, is a mausoleum built by Philip IV, known as the Pantheon—octagonal, lined from top to bottom with dark marble, and sarcophagi exactly alike, in niches, the name of each sovereign, with the dates of birth and death, engraved in golden letters. Here

repose the remains of all the sovereigns of Spain since Charles V. The Pudridere in one of the chapels is another burying place, sometimes called the Pantheon of the Infantas. Don Carlos, the wayward son of Philip, is buried here. He is looked upon in history in varied lights, as a hero, a scamp, a reformer, a myth, a what not. Philip, his father, is accused of his death; that he died in prison suddenly has always been conceded. Many and varied reasons are given for his death, but the one given out as the last was that he died repentant, and that finally with a holy taper in one hand and feebly beating his breast with the other, he died without a groan. The other side and later history say that when Emilio Castelar was President of the Republic he determined with his own eyes to ascertain the real manner of the death of Don Carlos. He went to the Escorial and to the Pudridere, with Don Joaquin as companion, the casket was opened, and there was the decapitated head beside the trunk of Don Carlos. A sad comment on history.

Undoubtedly the church is the gem of this historic pile. Its interior is a triumph in architectural effect, grand, massive, solemn; on the steps are six colossal statues in granite, with marble heads and hands and gold crowns; these are called the Kings of Judea. On one side, Charles V in magnificent enamelled robes, glowing in gems; his wife, Eleanor of Portugal; his mother, Juana la Loca, herself Queen of Spain; their

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jewelled crowns lay lowly on the ground; on the opposite side, Philip, right over the cell in which he expiated through suffering some of the crimes he had committed—there in regal robes; Don Carlos and his other son Philip III and his four queens—a constant lesson of the studied hypocrisy the world has had to put up with.

TOLEDO

Our next trip over this land of desolation was to Toledo, a trip that can be made from Madrid in a day. You see the same gray olive trees scattered here and there, a barren waste to all appearance, a dull grayness over the sky and over the earth; away back of us the Sierra Guadarrama. Yes, we were on our way to Toledo—Toledo in Spain. How all the stories of her glory come up before us: her silks and fabrics, her marvellous Toledo blades, her Alcazar, her cathedral! As we rode up the winding hill into her narrow gray streets we wondered why the Jews, when driven out of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, came to Toledo. Of all the desolate countries over which we had travelled, Spain, outside its cities, takes the lead. So far it is one long stretch of desolation, a repetition of the Bad Lands of Wyoming—it is very marked around Toledo. Whatever induced Tubal Cain or any other pioneer to pick out this barren, lonesome locality is a wonder to me. I know the Bible says when Jonah wanted to flee

from the face of the Lord he paid his fare and started for Tarshish (now Cadiz). We know that he did not make port; whether he got a rebate we are not told. When we hear of the desolate places in Palestine I think it must have been because Spain around Toledo looked so much like home. We know Tubal Cain was the great iron master in his native land. Was this the secret and the foundation of the steel industries that have made Toledo famous? With steady tread we can imagine them again packing the narrow streets of their beloved city. We read that in those days the Jews of Jerusalem sent a deputation to the head men of Toledo asking:

“Shall this man who says he is the son of God be given up to the Roman law and die?”

Their answer was: “By no means commit this great crime, because we believe from the evidence that He is indeed the long-looked-for Redeemer.”

They were too late—on their arrival home the deed had been done, but there is the tale that their true allegiance is the reason the Jews of Toledo were spared the horrors of the Inquisition. We know that the King of the Visigoths, who had become a Christian, made Toledo the ecclesiastical capital of Spain. We are also told by historians that it was the Romans who were the makers of Spain. They taught civilization to the nations, they built bridges and roads and aqueducts which are traceable to-day. They built

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towns. Pliny has made record that in the lifetime of our Lord there were eight hundred and twenty-nine cities in Spain. They introduced the Christian religion. These were followed by the Goths in the fourth century. Of course they were refugees from the Huns, who crossed the Danube and found their way in time to Spain; they in time conquered the Romans. Their reign lasted three hundred years. There were thirty-six Gothic kings and they made Toledo their capital. These kings were elected by the will of the people. Roderick, the last King of the Goths, is known in ballad and fable. Then came the Berbers, descended of the vandals in Africa, the representatives of Mahomet and a new religion. This was the invasion of the Moors in 711 when the Gothic reign was going to pieces. Tarik "the one-eyed" landed in Spain with 7,000 men. Soon followed the historic Battle of Guadalette, which ended, after a week's fighting, in the defeat of the Goths. City after city threw open its gates to Tarik. Toledo was made the capital of their kingdom a century later, and was wrested from them by Alphonso VI of Castile and Leon in 1085.

There are but few buildings in Toledo of an historic nature that do not bear the finger-marks of Goths, Romans, Moors, and Spaniards. You walk through the streets with the feeling that you might meet Tarik or Alphonso and the Cid, or Ferdinand and Isabella. The centuries seem but days; but you are confronted

with the evolution of the dynasties that have come and gone, and wonder if it was a part of the plan of creation.

The cathedral, the largest in Spain, impresses you only by its size. The Alcazar is merely a reminder of what has been; it is now a military school. In one of these narrow streets you pass a shrine in the wall of a convent covered by a wire grating and above it you read, if any maiden wishes a tall husband a long pin must be deposited in this receptacle; if a short one, a short pin; if a black-eyed one, a black pin; if a light-complexioned one, a white pin. By the accumulation, we concluded it to be a very clever device to keep the convent in pins.

We had become more or less entangled between the Moslem and Christian civilizations, and—shall I own up to it?—there were moments when it seemed that history had recorded that the Moslems were more humane than the Christians. We came upon the church of San Juan de los Reyes. The outside walls were festooned with the votive chains of captive Christians. We recalled that this church was built by Isabella, it is said, and given to her husband on his return from Portugal. The chief attraction of San Juan lies in the Gothic cloisters. It would seem, to look upon this scene, that Gothic decorative art had arrived at the climax of perfection; but what recollections it brings up: the crucifix that led the procession of the auto-de-fe

brings back Philip II when the great show prepared for the public when he was to be married was the burning of heretics in the market place of Toledo; and we look into the marble galleries where Ferdinand and Isabella sat to hear mass, and we wonder if she ever did sit there and see these prisoners bound to be led to the sacrifice; we wonder if really at heart she believed in the Inquisition—a woman so good at heart, to whom the world owes so much. Was it not the position fate had placed her in?

In passing through these narrow, crooked streets, everywhere a blank wall to the street—the attractive patios are in the centre—we are possessed with the feeling that the passing of centuries has shrunken them. The city is situated on a granite hill, singularly beautiful for location. The Tagus surrounds it in horse-shoe shape. In leaving the city we wound round the hill and crossed the Puente del San Martin, said to be one of the wonderful bridges of the world. The story goes that as the bridge neared completion the architect discovered he had made a mistake in calculation and that when the centres were removed the bridge would fall. He made known his sorrows to his wife, who quickly saw the remedy: *burn the bridge*. It was done. On rebuilding, he profited by the mistake, and the bridge stands to-day a monument to a wife's devotion.

In looking back upon the city we recall the towers and Moorish patios, the double arcade of airy arches,

carved balustrades. We all recall the bloody struggles between the Crescent and the Cross; we hear the echoes of the footsteps of the regal presence that passed in the centuries procession of the Iberians, the Moors, the Romans, the Goths. It is the same story of the passing of nations; we find it everywhere if time enough has passed, and again we ask, with old Toledo fading out of sight with the setting of the sun, is it all a part of the plan of creation?

From Madrid to Seville we took our sleeper at 8:20 P. M. In the gray of the morning looking out of the car window we caught the first glimpse of Cordova. How beautiful it looked through the early mists; the delicate branches of the trees that softened every nook and corner. We are still wondering what sort of trees they were; not olive or oranges; they were much too graceful for those, yet miles of olive orchards spread out over the plains, a beautiful relief to the eyes. The face of the country began to look as we had pictured it in our mind; the gray, rocky, forbidding landscape we were leaving behind us. It does not matter so much if the traveller is greatly disappointed at what he finds left of the once perfect city of the Iberians. The marvellous cathedral has never been surpassed; language does not convey the superb appointments of this mosque, it must be seen to be appreciated; but Cordova stands out as another lesson of the changes time has wrought over the fair face of Spain.

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On our arrival at Seville we were pleased to find a roomy, pleasant, modern depot, also that the officers' duty consisted only of opening our trunks and closing them again to satisfy the law. They knew no search was necessary, as American women as a rule do not smoke, and cigarettes would not be found, so we were not detained long. Seville had a pleasant welcome for us. It is situated on a flat, level plain—so is Chicago. The Guadalquivir, which has been sung in song and story, is not the glorious Hudson, but it runs along at our side as cheery as possible, with its low banks and not overmuch water, but it said us "Welcome to Seville," and that is as much as any river can do.

We were taken by public conveyance to the Grand Hotel de Paris. Our entrée was through narrow streets, low houses, all white, clean, and with an air of comfort about them. You look through the iron gateways into fascinating patios filled with shrubbery, flowers, and fountains, with air and sunshine—the patio an open hall, a reception-room, partly Roman, more Moorish; in hot weather cots are arranged there for the family to sleep; lounges, easy chairs, dining tables; in fact, the housekeeping has a resetting in these patios.

After we had settled ourselves in our comfortable hotel, we did not find it with all the modern comforts of the Ritz at Madrid, but better by far than books and the misrepresentations of writers and travellers in Spain had taught us to expect. We breakfasted at eleven

and betook ourselves to the Alcazar. There we spent our time until the dinner hour. What can I say of the Aladdin's wonder? It goes without saying that the Alcazar is the greatest wonder and the most beautiful building in Seville. The cathedral has many counterparts, grand as it is, and we have studied many, but the Alcazar stands out alone, speaking its lesson to the lover of history in a new language. Peter the Cruel and Henry II caused the present building to be erected by Moorish architects. Isabella erected the chapel on the first floor. It was built on the ruins of the Roman Pretorium. Charles V married Isabella of Portugal in the Hall of the Ambassadors; he made many additions and improvements. The extreme beauty of the Court of the Maidens, the Hall of the Ambassadors, the vistas through the vaulted doorways, the azulejos, the open-worked walls of sculptured stone, the tracery of slender ivory columns as they appeared, the pages of history that unfold step by step, will leave a lasting impression on the memory. As we walked the narrow, crooked streets we were reminded of the home of the "Barber of Seville."

When we took our seat in the garden—built by Don Pedro, near the pool where Maria de Padella used to bathe—under the beautiful palms, surrounded by fountains and flowers, there came up before us names that have won the admiration of the world. We are told Cæsar captured Seville forty-five years before

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Christ, in spite of Pompey at Cordova; we know it was the birthplace of Velasquez and Murillo; we know it was the scenes of Mozart's Don Juan, and Figaro of Bizet's Carmen.

The discovery of America gave a marked impetus to Seville. Palm Sunday, May, 1493, Columbus was formally received here on his return after the discovery of America. We walk out of this place filled with the thought of other days. We do not forget with all the other horrid murders of Peter the Cruel that it was here that he murdered his royal guest, Alba, Said of Granada, for the sake of his jewels, one of which, a large spinel ruby, given by Peter to the Black Prince, now figures in the British regalia.

THE CATHEDRAL

The cathedral at Seville is probably the largest and richest in all of its appointments of any cathedral in Europe. It is another of the buildings that must be seen to be appreciated. It has the same extravagantly resplendent appointments of many others, and surpasses most of them. You look upon it all and are dazed with the splendor, but are appalled at the beggars who are allowed to embarrass the visitors with their importuning, and sometimes the thought is forced upon you that if there had been less extravagance in these appointments and in most of the cathedrals in Spain, and some of these millions put in reserve to care for

these vagrants that prey upon the public with greater or less degree of annoyance, the spirit of Christianity would be presented perhaps in a more acceptable form.

We would hesitate to put into words the embarrassing situation in which some of our party were placed by reason of them, and it does look as though somewhere a remedy could be found.

The paintings are numerous and well worth time and study, but the one that took our party back time and time again during our stay in Seville was Murillo's "Guardian Angel." In 1656 Murillo finished his celebrated "St. Anthony of Padua" for the baptismal chapel in the cathedral at Seville. The expression on the saint's face, who on his knees extends his hands to receive the infant Saviour amidst a glory of supernatural light, is a smile of perfect happiness. The little messenger has come to bring some word of comfort and he lays his hand cunningly on St. Anthony's cheek. In 1874 the figure of St. Anthony was cut out, stolen, and sold to a Mr. Schaus, a picture dealer in New York, for \$250. He turned the purchase over to the Spanish Consul, who returned it to the cathedral at Seville.

An interesting feature to American visitors is the monument to Columbus in the south transept, which was erected in Havana, in 1892, in the cathedral and taken to Spain in 1899. It consists of a marble base on which are four allegorical figures in bronze, the king-

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doms of Castile, Aragon, Leon, and Navarre, supporting the sarcophagus that contains the mortal remains of the great discoverer. From 1509 till 1510 the remains of Columbus reposed in the Convent Church of Cartuja. They were brought from Valladolid, where Christopher Columbus died May 21, 1506. In accordance with the last wish of Columbus his remains were removed to San Domingo in Haiti. After the French got possession of that part of the island the body was transported to the cathedral in Havana in 1796. From there it was brought to Seville in 1899. It is profoundly hoped that here it may rest.

The treasury, the naves, and chapels must be studied in detail, but cannot be included in a general survey of the cathedral.

The Giralda, a conspicuous landmark of Seville, is considered the most beautiful building in Seville—if building it can be called. It was originally the minaret, or prayer tower, of the Moorish mosque erected in 1184–96. From the outside one is impressed with the feeling of tower, nothing more. The fascinating Moorish touch is inside. It is capped by a small dome on which stands a bronze female representing Faith. The figure is Girdello, or vane, which gives the tower its name, and which moves with ease at each turn of the wind. It is an adjunct of the cathedral and is under the special protection of Sts. Justa and Rufino, whom Murillo has immortalized by his painting of the “Saints with the

Giralda." There is the legend that Justa and Rufino were potters in Triana, a suburb of Seville across the river. Triana was noted for the production of beautiful pottery, especially for the wonderful azulejos. The legend runs thus: Sts. Justa and Rufino were patronesses of Seville A. D. 304; these were two Christians dwelling in that city. They were the daughters of a potter and made a living by selling earthenware; and contenting themselves with the bare necessities of life, they gave all the rest to the poor. Certain women who lived near them and who were worshippers of the goddess Venus came to their shop to buy vessels for their idolatrous sacrifice. The sisters answered that they had no vessels for such a purpose, and that their ware should be used for the service of God and not in the worship of stocks and stones. Upon this the pagan women broke all the earthenware in the shop. Justina and Rufino retaliated by falling upon the image of Venus, which they broke in pieces and flung it in the kennel. The populace immediately collected before their door, seized them and carried them before the prefect. On being accused of sacrilege, they boldly avowed themselves to be Christians, and, being condemned to the torture, Justina expired on the rack and Rufino was strangled. Murillo has frequently painted them, sometimes as Spanish girls bearing the palms, as martyrs holding in their hands earthenware pots, and the Alcarrajas at their feet; but it is his picture

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of the "Saints with the Giralda" that you carry with you.

The sun was shedding its golden light upon the pillars in marble, the panels of lacework, the arches in horseshoe windows, all, all the marvellous Moorish ornamentation, as we turned into the narrow, crooked street to make our way back to our hotel, feeling that a look at the "Giralda" alone would repay for a trip to Spain.

Seville is rich in the work of the old masters. If one wants to revel in Andalusian art, in the atmosphere of Murillo, go to Seville. In one of our morning walks, in and out of the crooked streets, we came upon the Museum, which was once the old Convent Church. Here Murillo almost reigns supreme. Among the pictures is "St. Anthony of Padua with the Holy Child," who, with rapturous look, touches him with the divine finger. This is but one more evident fact that no master has ever portrayed the divine atmosphere in his children like Murillo, and no one can fully understand it until they have drunk it in in Andalusia. Among the many rare paintings we will note one more, that of the Virgin and Child, called the "Virgin of the Napkin," one of Murillo's best-known works. The legend surrounding this picture is as follows: Murillo was at work in the Capuchin convent at Seville when his cook, Brother Pepe, entered with the tray on which was his noonday meal. He began to expostulate with Murillo

on his wonderful gift. "God has been very good to you, Señor Maestro, and raised you up to his throne to show you heavenly mysteries. You are a god, too, in your way. If from nothing He made the world, you by your genius give new life to it. If I," continued the monk, "could possess one of your Virgins, I should be the happiest man in Seville." "Gold could not purchase these," replied Murillo, "but to show you mine is not a mercenary nature, if you will bring me a canvas I will promise to paint you a saint upon it." "But I have not the price of a canvas," the monk cried out. "Here," answered Murillo, "give me this coarse napkin from your tray and I will keep my word." The balcony of Murillo's room overlooked the Plaza di Santa Cruz. On looking down Murillo saw a woman, with an infant on her arm, take her seat on one of the benches. "Great God!" exclaimed Murillo, gazing at the woman in ecstasy, "can it be really she, my first love? Is she alive?" Meanwhile the woman, busy with her child, pulling at the tresses of her raven hair, turned its dimpled face upward with a smile, but saw not Murillo. In the meantime Murillo had snatched the napkin and rapidly traced on it her image and the child's.

A vision came to Murillo in the night of his love, the face upon the napkin, and all the sweet, sad days it recalled. Again Brother Pepe appeared to claim his picture.

"Never!" cried Murillo, covering it with his body.
 "Never while I live."

Afterward the voice of conscience smote: "She loved you, she belongs to another. You, too, have stood before the altar with an honest wife; to keep the portrait would be a sin—it might injure her, your beloved."

Murillo slept in an iron chair before the picture. There he was found by Brother Pepe when he came in at the regular hour.

"Awake, Maestro!" called Pepe, touching him on the shoulder, and as Murillo turned his eyes he fixed them on the Virgin.

"Have you come for that, Brother Pepe?" he asked in a low voice. "If so, take it, carry it away; it is too precious."

Strange words, thought Brother Pepe; he may be wandering in his mind; but he seized the picture and carried it away.

This is the legend of the "Virgin of the Napkin" that we saw in the picture gallery of Seville. If there are any signs of the texture of the linen of the napkin they were not visible to us. The exquisite coloring, the perfection of form and feature, to all appearance might have been on porcelain.

Another morning brought us to the Casa de Pilatus. It is thought that originally this was a Moorish palace, but it fell into the hands of Don Enrique Ribera and

was completed under his descendants. The Marquis de Tarifa had made a journey to Jerusalem, and from this arose the conclusion that it was in imitation of the house of Pilate, and hence the name: the House of Pilate. When the third Duke of Alcate, Don Fernando Enrique de Ribera, was established in this home, he built a library and added to the collection of antiquities which his father had brought from Naples. It was in his régime that the house was made the social centre of Seville. We read that Herrera and Cervantes were among the guests. The style of architecture is a combination of Moorish, Gothic, and Renaissance. You enter by a marble portal, then you are entranced as you enter the patio with a double arcade supported by the same airy slender marble pillars that are the joy of the Alcazar, the capital and pediments wrought in lace-work; broad cloisters covered with tiles (azulajos). We wish we could convey to the reader the restfulness of the softness and the depth of color in those intense shades decorated by the lustre pigments, and recall that centuries have passed since they were the invention and the product of the Arabs. By these tiles with which the mosques of Persia and Arabia were adorned we mark the progress of the Arabs along the shores of Africa, and in Spain the Moorish buildings at Seville, Toledo, Granada, and above all at the fortress palace of the Alhambra. The Spanish learned the art from the Moors, and carry it on to this day. So it came that

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the House of Pilate, to enter the domain of true art and enchantment, must be adorned with azulajos. There is also the Pretorium of Pilate, with the Apostles' Creed on the door. There is a reproduction of the column at which Christ was scourged (the gift of Pius V). At a window in another room you are brought to the place where Peter denied the Lord. Four statues mark the corners of fountains. These were brought from Italica, a town founded by Scipio Africanus, 205 B. C., as a refuge for his veterans; it was the birthplace of three Roman emperors: Trajan, Hadrian, and Theodosius. It was built at the foot of the mountain near to Cala, a tributary to Guadalquivir. In the Middle Ages the ruins served as a quarry for Seville. Of course, Pilate was a Roman, and you are ostensibly in Pilate's House.

In the rear of Pilate's House we come upon a narrow street (calle) called Candilejo, where we saw a bust of Peter the Cruel (Don Pedro) in the wall of one of the buildings. Another interesting story we were told concerning Peter: he made it a rule to prowls around the city at night to see what he could find that was good, bad, or—indifferent. He was dressed in disguise and wore a mask. In one of these midnight adventures, at the point mentioned, he ran upon an outcast, who struck him. Peter at once defended himself with his sword. In the *mêlée* Peter killed his antagonist. When he realized what he had done, he knew by his own decree

he was doomed to die. While cleaning his sword he removed his mask; a thought came to him: no one had witnessed the quarrel; he was safe. The next morning his alcalde (mayor) was summoned. The King inquired if any one had broken this law against street fighting. The mayor's answer was that he knew of no one who had broken the law.

"You must remember," said the King, "if any fighting takes place within the city and the culprit escapes, I shall hold you responsible."

The mayor grew disturbed; he knew the King would live up to his word. While the conversation was going on a Moorish page told the King that the body of a man had been found in the street.

"You come before me and deny the facts," said the King; "here comes the news that a dead man was found in the plaza behind Pilate's House."

The King informed the mayor that in three days, if the murderer was not found, he would be hung in his place. Everything was put in motion by the alcalde to find the guilty one; after two days' search and after taking leave of his family he sent for his confessor. An old woman was shown into his presence and boldly announced that she could name the man. She told her story:

"That night I heard a great noise. It was very dark; I lit my candle and looked out of the window. I saw two men fighting. One," she said, "had his back

to me, the other was the King. He was in common clothes and wore a mask, but when he had laid his enemy low, he took off his mask and stood wiping his sword. Had I not seen his face I would still have known it was the King by the knocking of his knees; everybody in Seville knows him by the rattling of his knees."

The old woman left with the alcalde's blessing. The next morning he presented himself at the Alcazar bright and early. The King's first inquiry was: "Have you found the man?"

"Yes, and nothing is easier than for you to meet him face to face."

"You have found no one!" cried the King.

"But, my lord," cried the mayor, "if you know the real man why don't you command me to seek him? And now, will your honor permit me to leave in order to make preparations for the execution? As you will be present, all preparations must be made with care."

The alcalde called skilled Moorish artists; they were told to construct a life-sized figure dressed in royal robes, a sword in one hand, a sceptre in the other. The next morning this figure was hanged in the plaza of San Francisco. Don Pedro was present, the court was in attendance. Tradition stops here. How the King explained the situation is not told, but when the dummy in king's dress and crown was swung into

the air, it is said the King called the alcalde to him and said:

"Justice has been done; I am satisfied."

The house is pointed out where the old woman made record of what she saw, and the street is called the Calle del Candilejo, and where the King fought is Cabeza del Reg. Don Pedro.

Much of the part of Seville, where the old Roman aqueduct walls still stand, is in good repair, with the modern electric cars running beside them, and one of the graceful arches broadened so as to make room for the railway lines from Madrid to pass through; and not far away Moorish houses with imposing miradors (galleries with extension views) bring the story of two thousand years before you in unspeakable language.

G. came in one morning and announced that a special performance was going to be given to our party that night at the Dancing Academy by Señor Otero. We were aware that the best dancers in Andalusia can be seen in training there, and we knew that some of them had made their bow to American audiences. There were some exhibitions of the Gaditanae dances, which we are told delighted Petronius and Horace and were danced before Tiberius at Capri—a movement of the body instead of the feet, which I suppose was made tolerable because Cervantes pronounced it "a bounding of the soul, a quicksilver of the limbs," and it was tolerated just as the turkey trot is in America.

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But the poetry of motion was shown in the modern dances. The "Spanish dance" when waltzing was first introduced, the Mazurka, and various other dances which were taught in America when I was a child, were still religiously danced as a part of Spanish dancing. With this dancing also came melody in place of the thrum-thrum of Oriental dancing, accompanied by a pat of the toe and turn of the heel. Our evening was entertaining; we were honored with a photo of Otero with his autograph, and many souvenirs to G. and the rest of the party. We came out feeling quite sure "the turkey trot" and the "bunny hug" did not originate with Señor Otero.

Like a dream our days passed in old Seville, and then came the bright morning when her pink and white houses, her cathedral, the "Giralda," the Alcazar, the quiet Guadalquivir which had been our companion for days, faded out of sight—we were on our way to old Granada, still in Andalusia; but I will confess the enticing glamor that clings around that word is most misleading, for the greater part it is a melancholy country: the extended arid plains, the treeless and almost verdureless hills and mountains are depressing. We are told there were forests which were swept away by the Moors, that the birds could not hover therein and eat the grain, and so we hear no singing of birds.

Yet here we are in Andalusia, on our way to Granada, the dream of years. We are struck by the heavenly

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blue sky, and the massive silver-colored cumulus clouds that hang mountain-like abreast of the blue sky, and then we see where Velasquez found the ground for the striking cloud effects in his pictures, of his white clouds ready to drop out of the deeply blue background.

We reached Granada in the night, and we shall not soon forget the long drive from the depot to the town, over a road worse than the corduroys in the wilderness, but at last we turned into the Moorish streets of Granada, and soon we were entering the imposing gate at the foot of the hill on which stands the far-famed Alhambra. We had rooms engaged at the Alhambra Palace.

THE ALHAMBRA

It was late at night, but we were agreeably surprised to find a modern, attractive hotel, another refutation of the general impression. From our windows in the morning we got our first view of the snowclad peaks of the Sierra Nevada Mountains that seem to encircle Granada. There is a deep valley through which the River Darro flows. The veda, or plain, spreads out at our feet, and the city of Granada, with all its history, still listens to the rippling waters as it did when the Moors were in their glory centuries before. It is the Alhambra of to-day we are to drink in. The many legends and bits of history lend a charm and shed a glory over it all.

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After our breakfast we sallied out to enter the Wonderland. The graceful elms that waved their welcome were first in the picture that greeted us. We learned that on this barren hilltop the Moors had exercised their right of vandalism and not a tree was left, but after the Duke of Wellington came into possession of Soto de Roma these barren hills appealed to him, and he was the instrument that beautified this hallowed spot. The history of the Alhambra is too well known for need of relation here, but we cannot divest ourselves of the peculiar charm that hangs over the place in memories of the past, when the Moors believed that the celestial paradise hung over this very spot, and here was developed the best that was in them, in elegance and splendor. It was then that they diligently cultivated the arts and sciences. An empire was formed that had no rival, all the graces and refinements and culture of Eastern Arabia at the height of its greatest civilization were planted here; and as we walk over and through these ruins we seem to be walking over the map of Spain. Their arts, philosophy, knowledge, have gone to sleep—will it ever wake up? Not in the same old lines. With the centuries, new sciences have arisen and there is not time nor place for the old. The telegraph, the telephone, the wonders of electricity, the aeroplane, that annihilate time and space, leave no place for the slow processes of real art or architecture; and now as we pass through the Gate of Justice into

the Wonderland of the Alhambra we ask, what awaits the old world in the centuries to come?

This gate is called the Gate of Justice from the tribunal held on the upper porch during the Moorish reign. The great vestibule is formed by an immense Arabian arch of horseshoe form; on the keystone of this arch is engraven a gigantic hand; within the vestibule on the keystone of the arch is sculptured in like manner a key. A tradition is handed down from the oldest inhabitants that the hand and key were magical devices on which the fate of the Alhambra depended. This spell, the tradition goes on to say, would last until the hand on the outer arch should reach down and grasp the key, when all would tremble together, and all the treasures underneath buried by the Moors would be revealed. We passed through and up the walk to the marble platform, where the judge used to sit to issue his decrees. As we walked on, in the shaded road, we got glimpses of the vermilion towers the fame of which had helped to draw us across the waters. The centuries opened and we walked on into the past.

It is a long step backward to the days of the Al-Ahmar dynasty, the first of the Masride dynasty in 1232, who built his residence on this hill. He is known as Mohammed I; his son continued the work, and Mohammed III built the first mosque, and Mohammed V was instigator of the crowning glory, the Court of Myrtles, the Court of Lions. With Mohammed VII

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began the decline. The building up and the tearing down have kept up through the centuries.

We came out upon an esplanade; in front is the monstrosity commenced but never completed by Charles V. Never was a pile of marble, stone, and mortar more out of place; no wonder it was left unfinished. We passed on to the upper end of the court and entered the Tower of Comares by a small door which opened upon a narrow winding stairway; we reached the terraced roof. What a panorama spread out before us, of mountain and valley, crumbling ruins, Gothic domes, Moorish towers, imposing cathedrals! Yes, this is Spain. On one side you see the whole plan of the Alhambra, you can look into the gardens and courts. A battlement with strong towers is the boundary of the fortress. At the foot of the pile is the peaceful River Darro.

Away over the city and into the plain the guide points to the place where stands the historic bridge where Columbus was overtaken and called back by the messenger of Queen Isabella after he had left her and in desperation was going to try another source to send him across the sea. A little to the right and almost in the centre of the Vega you see the city of Santa Fé, built by the sovereigns Ferdinand and Isabella during the siege of Granada. It was to this city that Columbus was called back by Isabella and the compact made that led to the discovery of America, and here upon this

tower were some of America's children looking upon the site of these scenes that took place over four hundred years ago.

We took our way back and entered the patio of the Alhambra, almost dizzy with the changes the centuries have wrought. We found ourselves in a court paved with white marble, decorated at each end with light Moorish peristyles. In the centre is an immense aquarium stocked with goldfish and bordered by roses. We passed into the Court of Myrtles, a pool of water surrounded by hedges of myrtle, with all the touches of Moorish art, through a Moorish archway to the Hall of the Ambassadors, where all the powers that have held sway over this magic place have congregated. Nothing outdoes the richness of the adornment of the Hall of Ambassadors that we have seen in Andalusia: it is among the richest of the Alhambra. At last we were in the centre of this bewildering magnificence, in the Court of Lions. This was the centre of the winter palace of the kings: a large fountain basin supported by twelve lions—at least the guide called them lions—and they are equally good as some of the roaring beasts that adorn our Capital. They have stuck to their duty through the ages, carried the water pipes through their noses, and watched the generations come and go, and listened to all the appreciative encomiums lavished upon the snowy arches that make a vista of entrancing lace-work, and we admired their steadfastness through the

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years, and noted that desolation and ruin do not mark the ravages of time in the Court of Lions. The most entrancing and the most stately of the halls are ranged round this court.

THE HALL OF THE ABENCERRAGES

It is told that Boabdil brought upon himself the curse of the whole tribe by congregating the principal managers in this room and beheading them, thirty-eight in number. They were brought into the court one by one and massacred, through jealousy of his wife. The blood stains in the marble are still pointed out, and the soft murmur of the fountains still goes on but tells no tales. Washington Irving refutes this story; it was not Boabdil but his father, Muley Hassen, who committed this horrible crime. It is known that it was Muley Hassen and not Boabdil who confined his wife in one of the towers—in fact, she was Boabdil's mother.

We passed on into the Hall of Justice. Here were performed the pompous ceremonies of high mass in the presence of Ferdinand and Isabella and their triumphant court. The cross is still to be seen on the wall where the altar stood. The hall is now barren and desolate, bats fly in and out at their leisure. Not so many centuries ago, in this room, could be heard, "Allah Il Allah! There is but one God and Mohammed is his prophet." We think of the Moslem monuments in Spain, the Alcazar of Seville, the Mosque of

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Cordova, the Alhambra of Granada, all bearing the inscriptions that at one time told of power, and that power ran through the centuries; and yet to-day we find it was an exotic; when dug up and carried back to Africa it was absorbed by the Berbers of barbaric Africa, and their power is known no more.

THE HALL OF THE SISTERS

In an outer wall of the Alhambra is a Moorish tower called the Hall of the Sisters. When we found our way into the interior we were astonished at the beauty of architecture, the unparalleled harmony, its lofty arches, the arabesque finish. Nothing had we found in this marvel of wonders of which this is not the equal. Those who have read the legend of the three beautiful princesses, Zayda, Zorayda, and Zorahayda, by Washington Irving in his "Alhambra," will recall this tower as their home, and will seek the window by which they were lowered to the ground to meet their Spanish lovers.

WASHINGTON IRVING'S ROOMS

We, of course, were much interested to locate the rooms where Washington Irving lived while studying the Alhambra. We entered the Patois de Daraxa: a charming court shaded by orange trees, a fountain, of course, and many plants. The rooms surround the court and contain the archives of the Alhambra. In one of these rooms we saw where Irving wrote "Tales

of the Alhambra." "Cook" says the name Daraxa, meaning vestibule, has been unaccountably metamorphosed into Lindaraja; that Washington Irving was led to speculate about an imaginary Moorish beauty, Linderaxa.

And thus we made our first round in the Alhambra; the ravages of time and mortals have brought a tinge of disappointment, but the remaining glory grew upon us as we traversed acre after acre of this fascinating ruin.

We must call attention to a tower of Comares, La Cautiva, for associated with it is another of the entertaining legends that are connected with the Alhambra. Muley Hassen, so the story goes, in his old age married a beautiful Christian captive of noble descent, Isabel de Solis, known in Moorish annals as Fatima. She became the mother of two children and had ambitions that they should succeed to the crown, and set herself to work to prejudice Abu'l Hassen against the children of his former wives. This prejudice led him to slay some of them. It is quite evident that a high morality was not the ruling passion with Abu'l Hassen. Ayxa la Horra, the exemplary mother of Boabdil, who had once been his best-beloved wife, was also placed under the ban of suspicion, and so she was confined in the Tower of Comares, and Boabdil would probably have been a victim to his fury, but the pangs of a mother's tender heart found a way of rescue. In the night she

lowered him and herself in a basket by the means of scarfs and the help of attendants, and they escaped to Guadix.

At the upper end of the street that leads from the entrance gate we come to the Washington Irving Hotel. In that vicinity, partly hidden by the Hotel Roma, is the site of the Gate of the Seven Floors, the gate by which Boabdil is said to have left the Alhambra, and at his request was walled up and never again opened, through the sympathy of Isabella.

History records the unfrequented route taken by the broken-hearted monarch to avoid the people: he crossed the Vega, and followed the course of the Xenil, coming to a small Moorish mosque, now converted into a chapel of San Sebastian. A tablet on the wall tells the story that on this spot Boabdil surrendered the keys of Granada to the Castilian sovereigns. A little farther on there was a small village where Boabdil's mother and family awaited him. They took up their line of weary march to a dreary height in the Alpuxarra Mountains, called the "Hill of Tears." It is said from the heights of one of these mountains upon a high rock Boabdil took his farewell look of Granada—still called the last sigh of the Moor. Tradition says that here, too, is the spot where his mother, Ayxa, who had so often been his prop and stay, said to him, "You do well to weep as a woman over what you could not defend as a man."

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The true human heart will always have pity for poor Boabdil.

THE GENERALIFE

The Generalife is the celebrated summer residence of the Moorish kings, delightfully situated on the side of a steep mountain turned toward the north opposite the Alhambra. The house proper is in a dilapidated state, but the landscape gardening to this day shows to what perfection the architect of the Alhambra carried his art. The house is depressing for the story it tells of time and change—the contrast of then and now. There is one redeeming feature of interest: the pictures that cover the walls of Spanish sovereigns since Ferdinand and Isabella. There are also pictures of the fourteen Marquises of Granada who held the office of Superintendent of the Generalife. A genealogical tree hangs at the end of the hall showing eighteen tributary kings who reigned in Granada. There are portraits of Ferdinand and Isabella, of Charles V, Philip II, Don Juan of Austria, Gonzalo, and, perhaps the most interesting of all, is one of "Boabdil of Chico."

And here Fatima (Isabel de Solis), the captive wife of Abu'l Hassen, lived; Fatima (Light of Dawn) she was named. Here she wandered in these gardens of fountains, fruit, and flowers, until she was caught in interviews with a handsome Abencerrage guardsman. All these accusations Fatima denied, which was said to

have led up to the massacre of the Abencerrage by Abu'l Hassen at the Court of Lions.

THE CATHEDRAL

Our walk one morning took us down the hill under the shadows of the beautiful elms, through the gate, into the streets of old Granada. We wound our way, with minds full of the days of her glory—but the contrast, it is hopeless to undertake the portrayal. Of course, we brought up at the cathedral. It was like entering so many others, and yet individual, filled with rich sculptures and paintings, but the point of greatest interest to us was the Capilla Real, which communicates with the cathedral. It will recall to mind the brave deed of Herman del Pulgar, who entered Granada by the conduit of the Darro on the night of December 18, 1490, and with his dagger pinned a scroll on the door of the mosque bearing the words "Ave Maria." The mosque stood on the site of Santa Maria Church. Adjoining is the Capilla Real built as a burial chapel for the Catholic kings. It was afterward enlarged by Charles V who found it too small for so great glory. You pass through wrought-iron gates, where are two alabaster tombs, surrounded by all the heraldic emblems of the age. Here are four royal monuments lying side by side. To the right is Ferdinand and Isabella. There she lies in her majesty, still leaving her impress on the world. To the left lies Philip of

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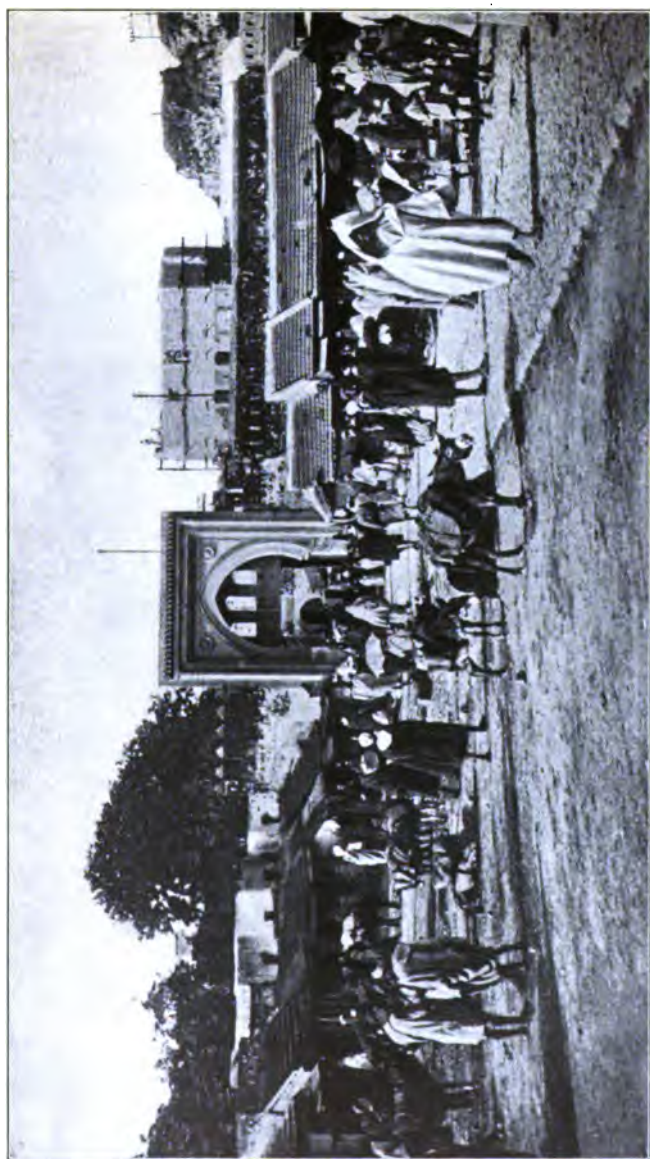
Austria and Joanna (Mad Joanna). Down a few steps in the vault lie the leaden coffins. Philip's coffin is the one his mad Queen used to carry about with her. The sacristy contains among numerous articles the standard which floated before the sovereigns in battle, Ferdinand's sword, the sceptre and crown of Isabella; and a golden casket is shown you containing her jewels, placed by herself and given into the hands of Columbus to furnish funds for his first voyage, and returned by him filled with gold. The visit to Granada would not have been complete without having seen the resting-place of our great benefactor. On one of our drives through the city en route to Cartuja we could hardly believe that this was once the seat of regal power, the centre of the arts, science, and literature. The public library in the thirteenth century was a marvel of the age. It is said that any of the precious manuscripts it contained are now in the Escorial. Where now are the literati, teachers of the law, historians, philosophers, are the questions we ponder over as we pass over her uninteresting streets.

The Cartuja is pleasantly situated on a high plateau, overlooking the tender green of the Vega, the snow-topped sierras; it is a secularized Carthusian convent built about the middle of the sixteenth century. There were many tokens of religious spite said to be inculcated through the repudiation of Catherine of Aragon and the advancement of Anne Boleyn, but the ornamentation of the Cartuja surpasses in some degree anything

we saw in Spain because of the painstaking care manifested over the building. The doors, dados, and walls are inlaid with ivory, mother-of-pearl, jasper, tortoise shell, silver, without a sign of deterioration through the years, every part as brilliant as though the artist hand had left it but yesterday; evidently one place where vandalism had had no sway.

Then came the day when we must say good-bye to Granada and to fascinating old Alhambra; once more our party wandered over the most fascinating parts of this sylvan place. We have put brain pictures of the Alhambra into a sun bath that they may not fade. Surely it is a Moslem pile in a Christian land, and yet you feel that what is left is a monument to a brave, intelligent, artistic people, who, conquered, had their day of ruling and passed away.

At 7:30 A. M. we left the Alhambra Palace, another of the pleasant and satisfying hotels in Spain, for Ronda. The route in part was the same as we went over en route to Granada. We entered the valley of the Guadalette, and ascended between the limestone hills. It is a featureless and uninteresting waste much of the way. We passed the interesting town of Teba, and the estate of Eugenie, Empress of France (Countess of Teba), and on to Ronda, situated most picturesquely among the mountains. Our hotel, the Reina Victoria, was most comfortable, comparatively new, a little outside the town, with pleasant gardens and view unsurpassed.



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It would appear to newcomers that Ronda hung in the air. A short walk from the hotel brought us to the historic railing. No pictures give the correct idea of Ronda; it is six hundred feet at least above the river which divides the town by a rocky gorge. Two wonderful bridges span this gorge, one Moorish, one Roman. Some of the party had ventured down the rocky path to the mills on the river and looked almost like ants on the landscape. The wildness, the beauty, the awfulness of it all entrance one. While the climbers were in the gulch I tipped a small brother and sister to walk with me to the Arab bridge. We all crossed over and went to the palace of the Moorish King. We paid 50 cents and were shown the vacant rooms, and out of the back balcony we saw the steps cut in the rocks by Christian captives, almost sheer down to the River Tajo. There was a stone wall which tradition says Hercules helped to build, and there is the house where Miranda lived, and more things than we can mention, interesting beyond measure. We are still witnessing the rise and fall of empires.

The old city of Ronda was originally an Iberian and afterward a Roman town. We recall the attack of Ferdinand on Ronda through the advice and assistance of the Marquis of Cadiz; we remember the stubborn fight made by Hamet el Zigre to save his city, and the rejoicing of the Christian captives as they listened to the cannonading, and, after the surrender, the first

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thought of the Marquis of Cadiz was to liberate his unfortunate companions in arms from the dungeons where they had been imprisoned. Many of them were nearly naked, with iron chains at their ankles, their beards reaching to their waists. These captives were provided with mules and sent to Queen Isabella, who was at Cordova. History tells us that the humane heart of Isabella melted at the sight of the piteous cavalcade; she supplied them with food and clothing and money to pay their expenses home. The chains that were attached to these prisoners were hung as pious trophies against the outer walls of the Church of St. Juan de los Reyes, Toledo, to which we have alluded in our chapter on Toledo.

We spent the days, and now it had come to hours, mounting the rocks, crossing the interesting bridges, sliding down the precipices, listening to the music of the Guadalevin as the wild waters rushed between the rocks and on up into the old town; down to the lower Tajo bridges, studying the old architecture—the world's wonder, the windows in the rocks. But above all we enjoyed the most inspiring of views we had found in Spain—and all such a complete contrast to what had gone before, that we reluctantly say good-bye.

ALGECIRAS, TANGIER, AND GIBRALTAR

Our train carried us through a serpentine bend and silently sank into the valley of the Guadalevin, which

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now took the name of the Guadiaro. We passed through various and sundry tunnels, by the chalk cliffs, and then into fertile plains. Olive and almond trees adorned the spaces, but the most interesting were the groves of cork trees, and the wagons laden with bark, which leaves the trees, when stripped, barren in spots. This can be repeated at stated times, an interesting feature because new. At last we passed into the town of Algeciras. On the opposite side of the Bay is Gibraltar.

The Hotel Reina Cristina is the last of the new hotels in Spain that make travel there in this day a pleasure. This is one of the most attractive of the hotels in Spain. Of course, it has its Spanish court, with fountain and flowers, and unique in every appointment. The flower-bordered paths in the garden would lure you on for hours, a beautiful spot for the crowning luxury of a tour through Europe on the southernmost point of the great peninsula that has entranced us through the weeks.

The most interesting point in the old town is the building in which was held the Morocco International Conference, January 17 to April 7, 1906—the Casa Consistorial, where the world's representatives congregated to adjust the Moroccan matter. They met in a large room in the second story. The traveller is also shown where the great banquet was held. In this room are photographs of all the representatives who took part, and we have one of them all seated at a

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banquet when the work had been accomplished. The representatives from the United States are easily identified.

Aside from the restfulness of spending your leisure time in the charming surroundings of the Reina Cristina, you are in easy communication with Gibraltar and Tangier.

November 12th in the early morning we took row-boats at the pier and met the steamer from Gibraltar, en route to Tangier. The world was full of sunshine, the sea smooth as glass; we were soon passing the Pillar of Hercules, and to our right was Tarifa, the southernmost point in Spain and of Europe. Tarifa was named from Tarif, a Saracen chief.

During the Moorish invasion of Spain all vessels passing through the Straits of Gibraltar were here compelled to pay duties, from whence came our word tariff.

As our ship turned toward the African shore, we looked beyond the Straits out into the path of the old Atlantic, over the blue waters where we were booked to sail homeward the next week. When we landed at Tangier everything presented a new aspect, from man and beast down to the small donkeys.

Our hotel, the Cecil, was situated just outside the city gates, near the beach. Again we found ourselves comfortably fixed in a modern hotel; European, with every comfort. After we had taken lunch, the whole party mounted donkeys, with a guide who spoke good

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English and intelligent enough to know what travellers would care most to see. Hadj Mahommed Mohre was his name—Mahommed for short. Each donkey was provided with a driver at the bit. We entered the oriental city of Tangier, the interest increasing with every turn in the streets, which were so narrow your donkey could not diverge or you would brush the walls of the houses. They were not good wide alleys. For two hours we rode through the Moorish, the Jewish, and the Berber quarters. We passed several schoolrooms en route, and could hear the children reciting the Koran, the only book they study. The donkeys, the asses, the mules filled the streets. Sunday is market day; all were doubly loaded with the products of the country for the next day. We rode over rocks and stones and crooked streets, our sure-footed little donkeys carefully picking their way. It was the one day in the week when the Moslem women were allowed out. The married women would pull their mantles with an extra jerk when they saw us coming, holding their hands tightly over their faces lest we get a peep. The Jewish women, many of them, were in fashionable attire, and let me say that in all Europe I did not see such beautiful children, in form and feature, and their lovely costumes were in keeping with their sweet, joyous faces. We went through labyrinths of streets, turning a corner at almost every length of the donkey. The white houses, or, rather, pale blue, in the Moorish quarter

were clean and picturesque; the old gates of the city fascinating; the minaret overtopping all a new feature in architecture, and we reached the mosque just in time to hear the call of the Muezzin to prayer.

The Moors look so solemn and stately in their white or colored burnous and yellow slippers, with brilliant turbans or fez. Our guide, when mounted, looked a king, with his red cap, black broadcloth coat lined with white, always worn partly off his shoulder, and yellow waistcoat; these, with his red saddle reaching up his back, gave him a most picturesque appearance. We rode on out of the city into the country; saw the villa from which MacLean was captured by the brigands, and on to the country home of Perdicaris, where we hoped to pay our respects. He and his wife when in Washington were the guests at lunch of the Pro-Re-Nata Club, when he gave a most interesting account of his capture. We found that he and his wife were spending their days in a quiet way on one of the lakes of Switzerland. On and on we scrambled down into the Bubana Valley. If there is any other road in the world as bad we have missed it. But down the hills, crossing the Jew River, with hearts quaking, but a steady hand at the bit and no thought of dismounting, as some of our party did, we compassed the big boulders and deep gullies, and up a small rise and a turn to the right we were on "Mount Washington," so named by our American Minister, or Consul, Matthews, who built a

villa thereon. Since then it has become the summer dwelling-place of the well-to-do. A little farther, and we were in full view of the Atlantic. Mahommed ordered tea from a Moorish tea house, a little shack in front of us, a drygoods box for our table. An attendant in gay Moorish costume came forward with a tumbler of tea for each, in which was a sprig of mint. This is their native beverage and is really very palatable.

On our return we passed many fine buildings, the Portuguese and Spanish legations, and reached our hotel before the setting of the sun.

At night, with Mahommed and G. and the driver who had done such heroic service through the day, we started for the city inside the gates, our driver in advance with a highly decorated lantern at least two feet high, with a candle, to illuminate our way; the city is poorly lighted. In single file, Indian like, we made our way through the old city gate and up through the winding streets until we reached a door where the sound of bones, tambourines, and voices told of an entertainment. The performers were all sitting on the floor of the platform. Nobody but foreigners use chairs in Tangier. We listened for some time to the wild, barbaric music. One girl went through the muscle dance. Many of the countrymen who had come in for the Sunday's market were there in their white dress, their heads tied with gun-protectors, a piece of black

cloth to attest to their bravery. The music seemed to give them great delight. They had all left their sandals at the door at the top of the stairs before they entered the room—barefooted and barelegged. It was a quaint bit of Moorish life, probably the bright spot in their work day. Before we left we were served with coffee, the only real Mocha coffee we had tasted in Europe. It is well known that the Moors think that they alone know the secret of making good coffee.

The caravans that passed our hotel were an interesting study, either on their way into the city or to the wharves. They told the story of the many industries of this hard-working people.

On Sunday morning our guide, drivers, and donkeys were at the door at ten sharp. We were soon mounted and on our way to market, the day of all days in Tangier. Again we wound our way through the crooked, narrow streets until we came to the Market Space "Soco." It was like looking upon a sea of floating cloud: white, yellow, red, not a foot of ground unoccupied, with everything marketable—vegetables, fruits, flowers, meats, bread—the last named by law is sold only by the divorced women, partly veiled—the fortune teller, the snake charmer—the story tellers all had the little audiences in the moving panorama that covered acres. We did not know how far these people had come with their wares; their great bundles of wood fagots were carried by women, loads that would stag-

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ger a donkey. This is their day out and the men make them useful. Distance here is not known by miles or leagues, only by the time it takes to walk it. Not a carriage or wagon could be used in Tangier. Donkeys or humans are the burden carriers. We occasionally passed a Moslem on the street, whose erect, proud carriage, whose faultlessly clean burnous, whose intellectual face, carried you back to the patriarchs in the Bible.

This city on a hill that commands the Atlantic and could command Gibraltar, since the days the Portuguese controlled it all, has seemingly stood still. Through the centuries it gives no more, no less, to its citizens of the newer civilization of the comforts of living—as civilized nations look upon life to-day—than when the Berbers entered Spain. We followed our guide up the hill to the Court of Justice. We saw the new governor, son of the Sultan, and the judge, in an open booth under the roof of a white court, receiving the salaams of his subjects who were under trial. The ladies of our party were conducted to the harem of the governor. The Mogul was sitting in the marble porch of his house on a mat, his legs crossed under him, arms folded, surrounded by a half-dozen Moslems who, we were told, were his tenants. A liberal hand-out of silver by our guide soon brought forward a dark-skinned lass who opened the way and took us through—room after room, up two or three flights of steps, the walls of

every room lined with most artistic azulejos; mosaic floors, with handsome rugs, with broad flat settees, with mattresses covered with white linen and plentiful pillows, small tables with beautiful silver and china appointments for afternoon tea. Here the wives have their afternoon siestas. In the harem proper were the four wives, one a fine-looking woman with a beautiful little girl. The place was clean, attractive, and beautifully furnished for a Moorish home. According to Moorish law, they probably saw the outside world once a week. Mahommed, the guide, said: "*We* allow our women to go out once a week." I asked him what the men would do if some day the women asserted themselves and told the men they must be shut up and not be allowed to see the world but once a week? A shrug of the shoulders was the answer.

One tall palm is seen from the upper heights of the city: this is where the Dervishes assemble when they come to the city. The lone palm is the talisman that beckons them to the place of assembly. But the streets—what do they bring forth? The water carrier with his goat skin, or the ass with two jugs hanging from each side, who are continually pushing your donkey to one side; veiled women with their backs to the street selling their wares; a burst of barbaric music, and on through the gates comes a religious procession of tattooed and ragged humanity carrying flags and lanterns on their way to prayer.

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We passed little niches in the walls, perhaps six feet square, and were told they were those of the marriage brokers: the broker sitting on a mat, no table, no chairs or papers, arms folded ready to give advice. The shoemaker, the crockery vender, the drapery dispenser, all sorts and conditions of tradespeople, are found in these narrow quarters; all have their slaves to run behind the donkey and cry "Balaak!" ("Get out of the way!") Altogether it is a land of mosques and shrines, of gardens, of mines of coal and minerals not worked, a land of ruins, and going daily to decay. The Muezzins' midnight cry rises and floats out on the air: "Praise be God, who made the world! Prayer is better than sleep! Come ye to pray!"

We had made friends in Tangier; when we were ready to take our departure, Mahommed and his attendants were drawn up in line to courteously give us a joyful parting, and accompanied us down to the wharf—not for the last round of small silver, for that G. had liberally attended to, but to give the American visitors the parting compliments of Tangier.

GIBRALTAR

Our last days before sailing for our own loved America were spent in Gibraltar. Here A. and I parted with G., J., and Miss. C, they to make the tour around the world, we to return to our America. It is not well to dwell on the regrets at parting, after months of charm-

ing days and weeks enjoying the delights of travel, and yet nothing appeals to the heart after long separation like home.

But the great Lion's Rock across the bay from Algieras beckoned us there, whence we took the Cunard liner for home. Instead of the one day and night we expected to stay in Gibraltar we were kept there three days awaiting the arrival of our steamer. How wistfully we watched for the flag that would float from Gibraltar's rocky heights when the ship was sighted. In the meantime we spent the days taking in all there was of interest in the place. We saw a description in one of the daily papers of some points of interest, among them of some Moorish baths quite in keeping with those of the Alhambra; instructions were to call for the key at the governor's house, which we proceeded to do, and were politely told by the guard that if we would call the next day at a given hour we could have it. At the time appointed we were there. Two officers in uniform came with the key, and if not intruding would like to go along as they had never had the pleasure of seeing the Moorish baths. It was but a short distance from our hotel, but when we entered and passed from room to room, we only saw where they had been—every vestige of marble flooring, marble baths, and all the appointments had been removed; no one the wiser, nobody knew when, by whom, or where removed to. I most courteously begged the pardon of

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the English officers for disappointing them in what promised to be a sight of much interest. They took it as you would expect an Englishman would, and saw no irony in the joke.

The hotels of Gibraltar cannot touch one in which we sojourned in Spain for comfort, luxury, cleanliness, food, or in any way. It seems almost time for England to wake up!

This stronghold has been held by England two hundred years. Not until I stood on Gibraltar did I appreciate that the old rock does not command the entrance to the Bay of Gibraltar. There is Tarifa, the southernmost point of Europe, and the African Pillar of Hercules, which would or could command the entrance: and in these days of unrest we wonder if the time will come when these outer projections of Spain and Morocco will ever be fortified by other nations and England shut in with her stronghold? These are merely thoughts by the way.

Gibraltar is not an English city to all appearance. The population, apart from the military assignment, is made up of Moors and a heterogeneous set of immigrants of all nationalities from the shores of Spain. We saw the most there was to see there, and were quite happy when the flag floated from the signal tower announcing our ship. At twelve o'clock we were on board the *Saxonia*, pleasantly located. We take our seats upon the deck to watch the fading vision and to

realize that we have said good-bye to the rocks and hills and lonely plains of old Spain, where we have wandered and dreamed and drank in the old and new life of Spain. We realize that we have left her ancient halls and castles to their bleakness and their barrenness. The Moorish suggestions of her fascinating ivory colonnades, lace-bedecked Alcazar, her inimitable Giralda, from whose height we fancy we can hear the Moslems cry to prayer; her grand old cathedrals with their fascinating naves, their brilliantly colored windows through which the sun sheds effulgent glory; her paintings of the old masters, her crowning glory, Murillo's "Guardian Angel"; the tomb of Columbus; the treasury filled with the glow and glitter of precious jewels, the hand-downs of queens and potentates; the old Alhambra with its lessons of power and weakness; beautiful Madrid with its marvellous "Musio de Prado," are now but memories; each revolution of the engine is putting them farther and farther behind us—all memories, sweet and lasting, for they have been photographed on the brain. We shall remember what we have drunk in of "the days of the Phœnicians," of the Visigoths, of the Huns, of the Moors, and the mixture of nations we call Spaniards; of Spain's good days and bad days, of her rough, forbidding landscapes, of her satisfying plains of green fields and olive orchards.

We sit here while our ship cuts through the deep waters, and gradually let go our hold and find ourselves

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reaching out to another land, where freedom, light, and truth are supreme. Our journey is over. I see the old Flag of our Union floating upon its native soil. The tears spring for joy—it is our Flag, our country, our home.

THE END

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